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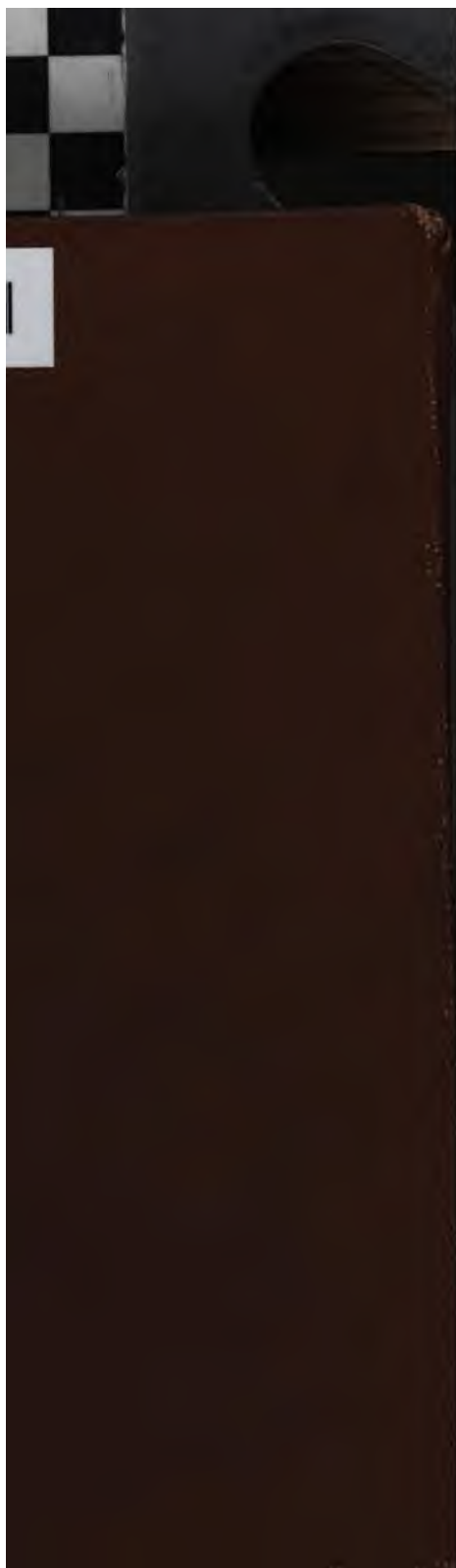
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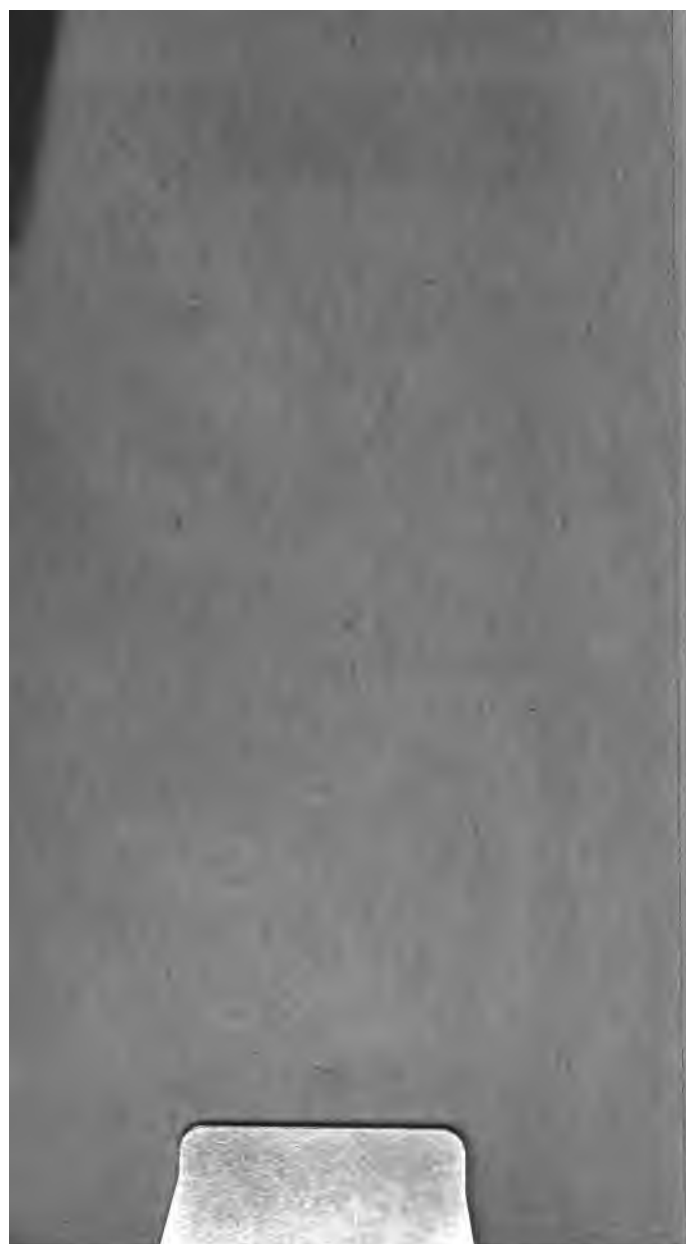
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Fessenden
NBH7



THE

LADIES MONITOR,

A POEM.

BY THOMAS G. ESSENDEN.

Green

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine.

Young.

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

PRINTED BY BILL BLAKE & CO.

1818.

L. P.

District of Vermont, to wit:

(Seal.) **BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on the third day of June, in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Thomas G. Fessenden*, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

“The Ladies Monitor: a poem, by *Tomas G. Fessenden*.”

“What’s female beauty but an air divine,

“Through which the minds all-gentle graces shine.

Young.”

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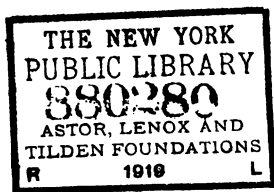
JESSE GOVE,

Clerk of the District of Vermont,

A true copy of record,

Examined and sealed by me,

J. GOVE, Clerk.



PREFACE.

THE principal topics of the following poem have exercised the ingenuity, and employed the pens of many able European writers, for more than two centuries past. But they do not appear to have obtained that degree of consideration in the American Commonwealth of Letters, which is claimed by their paramount importance to the welfare of every well regulated community. This is the more to be regretted when we reflect on the following important and undeniable truths.

1. The existence of a republican form of government depends on the knowledge and virtue of the great mass of the people, who are the sources of power, and the guardians of publick liberty.

2. Women are the earliest instructors of youth, and communicate in infancy those mental impressions which generally form the character and decide the destiny of the rising generation.

3. The influence of the sexes is indeed reciprocal, but that of women in a state of society which has arrived to a considerable degree of refinement is most powerful.* In their stations and capacities as friends, companions, mistresses, wives, and mothers, they mould the mind, form the manners, prescribe the customs, and invent or patronize the fashions which pervade and actuate the mass of civilized communities.

4. The stations, privileges, intellectual acquisitions, education, and advantages for mental improvement which women enjoy in any country, mark with the greatest precision the point in the scale of civil society to which the people of such country have arrived.

5. So great is the power of women in ameliorating the characters of men, that the most direct mode to improve the species is an attempt to raise the character and condition of the sex.

These truths and the practical inferences which result from them appear to have been fully appreciated by European moralists. A useful work was published in Philadelphia in 1803, which consists, principally, of selections from more than seventy volumes, written in English, French and German; and the editor has given a list of about fifty differ-

* "Women compose half the world, and are by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the most powerful part of our people." Spectator No. 4. See likewise the speech of Zorobabel, Apocrypha chap. iv.

ent European authors, whose works enter more or less into his compilation. The whole is occasionally interspersed with judicious observations by the editor, (whose name is not affixed) and given to the world in two volumes, 8 vo. with the title of "*The Parent's Friend*." A large proportion of this work consists of extracts from authors, who have written on the education of Females. This collection has been very useful to the writer of this work as a common-place book from whence he has derived many hints, and ideas for the improvement of his own production. Valuable treatises upon the same or similar subjects have likewise been published since the date of the "*Parent's Friend*," of which the author has availed himself, and he has also derived assistance from the *Tattler*, *Spectator*, *Rambler*, and other British classicks, as well as from poetical essays, such as Cowper's '*Tirocinium*,' West's Poem on Education, Miss Aikin's poem on the "*Character and Condition of Women*," &c. &c.

It will no doubt be deemed presumptuous in the author of this little volume to employ his pen on subjects which have been canvassed by so many able writers. But there are reasons which furnish at least a plausible apology, if they do not altogether acquit him of temerity in the attempt. Few parents or teachers can afford to purchase the books from which he has adduced most of the materials for his work; and fewer still would be able to form anything like a regular system from such a multitude of theories. Besides, many of the rules and maxims of the writers alluded to are not applicable to the state of society in the United States, without considerable modification. They appear to be cal-

culated mostly for the extremes, (either the higher or lower grades) of European society. It was supposed, therefore, that a sort of compendium of their most useful rules and remarks, interwoven with others of an original cast, might be an acceptable offering so the American publick—might suggest ideas which may perhaps be new to some of our readers, and by presenting well known and established truths in a novel point of view might fit them for making the more deep and durable impression.

The author has chosen verse as the vehicle of his sentiments, because he believed he could convey them with more force and precision in verse than in prose. He likewise flattered himself that the precepts contained in a poem would be more apt to attract attention, and be better retained in memory than if they were couched in a prosaic essay of equal merit. No one acquainted with the subject can hesitate to believe that such productions as "Pope's Essay on Man," "Essay on Criticism," and Armstrong's art of preserving Health," have been more widely diffused, more generally read, and produced a greater effect on the publick mind than if the sentiments they contain had been communicated in prose, and enforced with all the eloquence of a Cicero or a Chatham.

That part of this work which treats on Female Education, has been elaborated with no small degree of care and diligence, but with what success is not for the author to say. The difficulties which impeded his progress frequently reminded him of the poet, who says

" 'Tis hard in such a strife of rules to choose
 The best, and those of most extensive use,
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey."*

It will be obvious to the discerning reader that many of the maxims and rules laid down in the latter part of the poem for the education of female children apply with equal force to those of the other sex. As the sentiments of the more worthy and enlightened part of mankind differ materially relative to some of the subjects there discussed, particularly respecting cards, dancing, severity of discipline in schools, publick and private education, &c. the author has generally endeavoured to add to his own opinion the sanction of writers of acknowledged eminence. After all, he neither expects nor wishes that parents or teachers should adopt opinions expressed in this work without examination, nor be influenced by the authorities, which he has adduced to counteract the decisions of their own judgment and experience. It is hoped that the sentiments he has conveyed may determine the will by enlightening the understanding, but not array the former in opposition to the latter.

It will, perhaps, be alledged that the females of the present day do not deserve some of the strictures in this work, especially those relative to the lack of due decorum in dress, as it is now the fashion for the ladies of the ton to be at least decently attired. It must, however, be acknowledged that

**Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

the fashionable fair have, heretofore, not been altogether as correct as could have been wished with respect to the too liberal display of their charms. And though the "*stripping mania*" may not at present prevail, yet the annals of fashion serve to shew that it is a disorder with which some of the sex have been affected; and perhaps the administering of moral medicines, during the present lucid interval may prevent the recurrence of the disease. In the mean time those of our fair readers, who actually do not make the exhibitions complained of will please to consider themselves as not coming within the sphere of the author's animadversions on that subject; and as they cannot possibly be wounded by the shafts of his satire, it is hoped that they will not be offended with the twang of his bow.

The author is apprehensive that plagiarism will be numbered among his violations of the code of criticism,

"Write what we will our works bespeak us

*Imitatores, servum pecus.**

The proverb still sticks closely by us

Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.†

The only comfort that I know

Is, that 'twas said an age ago,

Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,

Ere Pepe refined the chink of rhyme."‡

*A servile herd of imitators.

† There is nothing said, which has not been said before.

‡ Lloyd.

To such allegations the author replies that utility rather than originality has been his object. He has not wittingly made use of the phrases of others without marks of quotation, or other references. But novelty of diction and arrangement has been all that he has in general attempted. To assert that it would be possible to write a work of any length, containing altogether new ideas, on topics which have been discussed by a great number of writers, would be to accuse those writers of negligence or incapacity in having but partially explored the provinces they undertook to survey. The author *intended* to give "line upon line," to exhibit monitory reflections, which, though somewhat trite, by being placed in a novel point of view might produce a new and beneficial effect. And it has been part of his professed object to give a version of the sentiments of able writers who have preceded him in treating on the duties, influence, powers, capacities, and education of females.

It may likewise be urged against the author that his style is not always sufficiently elevated to be pronounced poetry. But poetry of no kind can be uniformly towering. There can be no hills without vallies, and in didactic poetry, especially if it be thrown into the form of dialogue, we have the example of the highest authorities for stooping to the familiar, sporting in the burlesque, or assuming the ludicrous, but pompous port of the mock-heroic. If a poet is always attempting to be sublime, he can hardly fail to lose sight of perspicuity, and is apt to soar above the regions of common sense. Such a poet will be more apt so be admired than understood, and though he may by some be thought a

brilliant, will never prove a *useful* writer. Rather than aim at distinction in that style the author would adopt the apology of Dryden, with which he closes one of his versified essays,

"Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear,
And this *unpolish'd rugged verse* I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose."

To those criticks who would examine this work with a microscopic eye, for the sole purpose of spying faults, the author would recommend the following sentiments, which may be found (in substance) in Johnson's life of Dryden.

"It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of a work is to be estimated, but by its general effect and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line and to write one more vigorous in its place, but what is given to the parts may be subtracted from the whole, and the reader may be weary though the critick may commend."

If the publick should be of opinion that the following verses are *useful*, and they should not be altogether condemned by the sex to whose service they are principally devoted, the author will not be greatly troubled in spirit, if those who would be witty or wise at his expense, should declare that nothing but the *tintinabulum* of his rhyme saves his verse from being as arrant prose as ever was written by the most arid commentator on an obscure latin author. Whatever may be the merits of the

performance, it emanated from pure motives, an honest wish to uphold and strengthen the bands of civilized society, and promote the best interests not only of the fair sex, but of both sexes, and of all classes and conditions in the community.



THE
LADIES MONITOR.

MENTOR.

LADY, behold the King of Day arise,
And march majestick up the burnish'd skies !
The forest glitters in his golden gleams,
The hill-tops blaze beneath his brightest beams—

NARCISSE.

See now he flings from heaven's sublimest height
The headlong day in silver seas of light !
The crystal currents round th' horizon roll,
And floods of radiance stream from pole to pole.

MENTOR.

While hill and dale and moss-clad mountain ring
 With joy-inspiring symphonies of spring,
 The chirping choir, and glittering grove invite
 To taste the pure and exquisite delight,
 An early ramble in the country yields
 O'er velvet lawns, and flower-enamell'd fields.

NARCISSA.

Those poplar leaves, like parasols display'd,
 Seem beckoning us beneath their friendly shade,
 Yon prostrate trunk will furnish us a seat,
 That spear-grass spread a carpet for our feet.
 There let us sit, and spend an hour at ease,
 Fann'd by the fragrance of the balmy breeze,
 While you perform the promise you have pledg'd,
 That ere the robin's callow young are fledg'd,
 You would disclose your tenets as respects
 The Powers, and Duties of the Female Sex ;—
 Set forth their Influence, how it should be us'd,
 Or heaven's best gift to mortals be abus'd,
 And, in some hints of general application,
 The subject sketch of Female Education.

MENTOR.

If we believe what has been said or sung
 By Dryden, Swift, Pope, Addison, and Young,
 By many a wit, by half-wits many a score,
 From luscious Ovid, to licentious Moore,
 A harder task, fair lady, you've assign'd
 Than his, who thought to trace the viewless wind,
 And give us charts and definitions clear
 Of every current in the atmosphere,
 From lightest zephyr, that with noiseless creep,
 Scarce the smooth surface dimples of the deep,
 To rash tornado, that resistless flings
 Dire desolation from his raven wings. (1)

NARCISSA.

True, if we credit what they say or sing,
 It would be more a practicable thing
 To trace a humming-bird from spray to spray,
 And note her wanderings through the month of May,
 Than well describe the leading mental features
 Of such a race of fluctuating creatures.
 Nay, some sarcastic, scribbling sons of spite

Denounce us all as demi-devils quite,
 So obstinate, that if a hand divine
 Should paint in sun-beams each important line
 Of duty's path, its characters display
 More broad and brilliant than the milky way,
 One might as well affect to ape the god,
 And shake creation with Olympic nod,
 As to confine the ever-erring sex,
 By duty's limits, or by reason's checks.

MENTOR.

Most of those wits, and would-be wits appear
 Sometimes wrong-headed, sometimes too severe,
 Their writings shew, in many a snarling line
 The Cynic grafted on the libertine;
 But few can trace with touches, nice and bland,
 Your moral features with a master's hand;
 The vulgar herd of painters will be sure
 To daub with flattery or caricature;
 They draw some monster, with mistaken aim,
 Then give the prodigy a woman's name!

NARCISSE.

By long experience having learnt the art
 To trace the labyrinth of the human heart,
 You, I am told, a better humour'd sage,
 Can better sketch the follies of the age,
 Each subterfuge of artifice detect,
 Our virtues strengthen, and our faults correct—
 An enemy to vices, which disgrace,
 But ever friendly to the human race,
 You have the power to chasten those who trip
 Without the aid of satire's scorpion whip.
 Of such rare talents be no more a miser,
 Become our sex's patron and adviser,
 And make, to benefit the rising race,
 "The path of duty plain before our face."

MENTOR.

Lady, you urge me on a vain career,
 Above my limits, and beyond my sphere,
 Still, what I can, with pleasure I impart,
 The honest dictates of a friendly heart,

“ Plain sense and truth, and surely these are mine,
Shall check my wanderings, and my flights confine.”

The fairer sex possess resistless powers,
Which may be bent to meliorating ours,
Or beauty's matchless fascinations may,
As erst in Eve, lead erring man astray.
You reign supreme, and at your option can
Make men a brute, or make a God of man.

Urg'd by the mandate of the Queen of Hearts,
See woman's puppets personate their parts !
Now play the coward, now enact the hero,
The clement Titus, or the cruel Nero !
The wisest sage she makes the imp of folly,
Mirth metamorphoses to melancholy ;
And now she smooths the wrinkled brow of care,
With rapture thrills the bosom of despair.
Love, charity, and pity are the blest
Celestial inmates of the female breast ;
The drear abodes of poverty she seeks,
And wipes the tear from misery's pallid cheeks,

The way-worn traveller, shelterless, distrest,
 With gentle woman is a welcome guest.
 Thus when our Ledyard wander'd faint and weary
 O'er desarts, dismal, desolate and dreary,
 No kind companion cheer'd his lonely way,—
 Man was as savage as the beasts of prey,
 But woman's care his every want supplied,
 By woman's tenderness his every tear was dried. (2)

So when in France the madness of the times
 Made the whole land a theatre of crimes,
 When seas of blood by human fiends were spilt,
 And all was terror, cruelty, and guilt,
 Woman remain'd, fond, faithful, and serene,
 To mitigate the horrors of the scene,
 Shar'd every grief, bound every broken heart,
 And play'd a Howard's, or an angel's part. (3)

In Spain, what valour, patriotism pure
 Prompted the sex to dare, and to endure,
 Let Saragossa's crimson annals say,
 And faithful history's deathless page pourtray. (4)

The God of Nature to your sex imparts
 The power to melt the most ferocious hearts,
 When woman pleads, as mercy's advocate,
 Stern cruelty, revenge, and steadfast hate
 Are soften'd into tenderness and love,
 And Ate's serpent chang'd to pity's dove.
 Thus when the Roman, and the Sabine bands
 Spread desolation o'er Italia's lands,
 When fell revenge, and brute defiance stood,
 Ready to plunge in seas of kindred blood,
 When ruthless rage, which dar'd e'en heav'n defy,
 Nerv'd every arm, and flamm'd in every eye,
 Woman appear'd, and bade the tempest cease,
 She smil'd, and all was harmony and peace.(5)
 Stern Coriolanus, to revenge the doom
 Pronounc'd against him by ungrateful Rome,
 Led hostile bands of Volsci to her wall,
 Her towers already nod'd to their fall,
 But woman pleaded, with an angel's tongue,
 'To her embrace the ardent warrior sprung,

Then hush'd the hurricane of war's alarms,
 And Rome, once more, was sav'd by female charms.
 (63)

My Pætus, 'tis not painful, Arria said,
 As from her breast she tore the reeking blade,
 This dagger's point can never injure me,
 But by the wound it will inflict on thee.

All ages, nations, boast of annals stor'd,
 With bright examples, which your sex afford
 Of all the virtues, graces, talents join'd
 With all that blesses and adorns mankind.

To woman's charms that passion owes its birth
 Which may be styl'd heaven's harbinger on earth,
 The source of holy matrimonial ties,
 Which wisdom sanctions, and God sanctifies ;
 Man's sweetest solace in this vale of strife,
 The purest cordial in the cup of life ;
 The prototype of brighter bliss above,
 In hallow'd raptures of immortal love,
 That bliss ecstatic of th' ethereal race,

Which e'en a Milton's bold attempts to trace
Have merely shewn to Adam's grovelling tribe,
Immortal joys no mortal can describe.(7)

NARCISSA.

Now elevate your lofty lays still higher,
And borrow Campbell's Caledonian lyre,
Then, while you wake to ecstasy its strings,
Steal inspiration from the bard, who sings,
"Without the smile from partial beauty won,
"O what were man, a world without a sun!"

MENTOR.

But ere your sex are fairly deified,
Turn we to view our picture's darker side,
Beauty deprav'd, becomes a baleful sprite,
A demon, flaunting in a robe of light.
Beauty commands, the assassin draws his dirk,
And midnight murder crowns her horrid work,
Her Syren charms, like necromantic spell,
Urge the fell conqueror to the deeds of hell,
Her lily hands dig many a nation's grave,

For she rewards and stimulates the brave ;
 She bids an Ilion or Persepolis burn, (8)
 And cruel wars vast empires overturn—
 Thrones and dominions wait on her decree,
 Th' infernal gates obey her potent key,
 Courage and strength her sorceries to resist,
 Powerless and fleeting as the morning mist,
 Serve but to gild the trophies of disgrace,
 Like Sampson in a courtesan's embrace.

See Anthony, 'twixt love and honour tost,
 To gain a woman think a world well lost.—(9)
 See Israel's king from virtue's path allur'd,
 His kingdom rent, his father's God abjur'd,
 A sad example to the world display
 Of wisdom bow'd to meretricious sway—
 See cruel Herod bid the Baptist bleed,
 While woman prompts the execrable deed.
 In modern times, see many a Millwood fair,
 For many a Barnwell spread the fatal snare,
 And those who would your sex with angels rate
 Must own that some have lost their "high estate." •

As arbiter of fashion and propriety,
 Woman gives tone to civiliz'd society,
 Passports presents to wealth, and fame and power,
 Or dooms to misery's all-enduring hour,
 As fickle fancy dictates these or those,
 Who chance to be her favourites or her foes.

Oft have I seen, and shudder'd oft to see
 The smile of beauty bless the debauchee—
 A hair-brain'd, heartless, heav'n-abandon'd rake,
 Whose vile vocation is the heart to break,
 And humble female beauty to the dust
 That puts in him her violated trust—
 Who has with pangs ineffable distress'd
 Full many a husband's, many a father's breast,
 A sort of walking, moral pestilence,
 Who poisons youth, and murders innocence,
 Seals temporal misery with damnation's doom,
 And vice's trophy builds on beauty's tomb,
 By fashion honor'd, and by beauty priz'd,
 E'en by his wretched victim idoliz'd

O can it be the bard made no mistake,
 Who said each woman is at heart a rake,
 That such vile characters too often are
 The favorites of our fashionable fair ?
 Such folly beggars measure and description,
 'Twere better, like the beautiful Egyptian,
 If self destruction be in such request,
 To hug the deadly aspick to your breast.

Some of those cavaliers their arts employ
 The founts to poison of domestic joy,
 Adulterers by your vulgar people call'd,
 But Knights of Fashion, by th' Arch-Fiend install'd,
 Not wrongs to right, not injuries to redress,
 Not for relieving damsels in distress,
 But dubb'd by Beelzebub, in dark divan,
 The sex to injure more than devils can.

See the poor wantons, that our streets annoy,
 While with the amirk of counterfeited joy,
 And sickly leer, they greet each passing youth ;
 Their breasts are torn by misery's sharpest tooth,

Forever haunted, as they roam forlorn,
 By blasting infamy, and hissing scorn !
 Of human destinies, theirs is the worst,
 The primal murderer less supremely curst.
 Yet these were once pre-eminently blest,
 Of beauty, friends, and innocence possest,
 In evil hour the bland seducer came,
 And fir'd their bosoms with a lawless flame ;
 Robb'd them of honour, and of peace, a prize
 To lubrick arts, and well dissembled lies :—
 One guilty moment of forbidden joys,
 All hope of future happiness destroys ;
 For like the angels laps'd, from native skies,
 Woman once fal'n again can never rise,
 Her only solace must be found in heaven,
 On earth her fault will never be forgiven.(10)

Such matchless misery is the direful work,
 Of whom,—some savage Algerine or Turk ?
 O no, but men of fashion, such as those
 Fine ladies number with their favourite beaux,
 Ladies, forsooth ! who flutter round a rake,

Like fascinated birds about a snake,
 Until, at length, the wily reptile draws
 The silly things to saturate its jaws !
 O that some friendly monitor severe
 These truths would thunder in each tho'tless ear ;
 Tell me no more of vile Platonic schemes,
 Dispel those vapid, but pernicious dreams,
 Of friendship female innocence may make
 With every vile contaminating rake !
 Think not to scape from infamy exempt,
 While you those tempters undertake to tempt.
 As well might lambs and wolves in herds combine,
 Or the neat ermine congregate with swine.
 Is that important truth to you unknown,
 By cherish'd friendship characters are shewn ?
 Let us suppose, my most audacious miss,
 That you escape from infamy's abyss,
 Your conduct is an outrage on propriety,
 And undermines the pillars of society.
 If females, moving in the highest sphere,
 Thus careless of appearances appear,
 Those who are destin'd to a lower state

(The worst examples sure to emulate)
 Will come as near as possibly they can
 The dashing belles, who shine in fashion's van.

NARCISSA.

But wild young gentlemen, when once reclaim'd,
 For tender husbands have been ever fam'd,
 Their aberrations indicate their spirit,
 Are trifling drawbacks on their general merit,
 That ardor, which leads generous youth astray,
 And holds their better qualities at bay,
 When melted down to conjugal affection
 Will serve to bless and sweeten the connection.

MENTOR.

Full many a novel reader's fancy teems,
 With these, and other most pernicious dreams,
 Visions as well adapted to deceive
 As satan's whispers to backsliding Eve.
 Granting you could effect a reformation,
 In one inur'd to vice and dissipation,
 One who has either feign'd or felt a flame

For every fair that fashion's annals name,
 Secure a heart your mutual bliss to crown
 Which has, for years, been hawk'd about the town,
 What do you gain by your judicious plan ?
 A feeble wretch, a shadow of a man !
 Your batter'd beau, the favourite of each toast,
 You wed a husband, but embrace a ghost,
 Are self condemn'd to torture of the kind,
 Where dead with living, were together join'd,
 In loathsome union, which the poet mentions
 Among a tyrant's horrible inventions.

NARCISSE.

A very gross caricature you make
 Of your vile super-annuated rake,
 And doubtless would his budding laurels crop
 From that fine animal some style a fop,
 And pleasant folk, we meet with now and then,
 By spiteful people christen'd "ladies' men."
 Though true it is, they cannot claim a place
 Among the noblest of the human race,
 Will never figure in th' historic page,

Ne'er play the hero, nor enact the sage,
 Still if a toast should feel herself inclin'd
 To keep a brilliant bevy of the kind,
 A vapid race, like Pope's aerial fencibles,(11)
 But still as useful as our *indispensables*,
 Why need your authors bastinado the things,
 Who dangle in a lady's leading strings,
 Whom we allow to caper and to prate,
 But with our monkey, and our parrot rate ?

MISTON.

Though, possibly, you may at heart despise them,
 And merely but as pretty playthings prize them,
 Still, in the world's and their own estimation,
 They have the sanction of your approbation,
 You set your stamp on counterfeited trash,
 And make it circulate as current cash ;
 Though men of sense despise the paltry pack,
 And turn a deaf ear to their ceaseless clack,
 The fools may prosper, with the world's majority,
 By dint of fashion, and of your authority.
 But if your sex upon a par would prize,

Rakes, fools and fops, wolves, geese and butterflies,
 The former creatures would, in just gradation,
 Below the latter take their proper station.

NARCISSE.

'Tis not an object, sir, of my ambition
 To join in this most curious coalition ;
 Nor will I sanction any stupid plan
 T' annihilate your pretty woman's man,
 And substitute your hum-drum man of sense,
 To gallantry without the least pretence.

MENTOR.

These my monitions, lady, are directed
 To make you happy, innocent, respected ;
 When I behold your trifling lures, design'd
 To catch the plaudits of the coxcomb kind,
 And see you flirting with the vile and vain,
 The silliest fops that flaunt in folly's train,
 My fears I own I can no more dissemble,
 The precipice before you makes me tremble ;
 Tremble like Moses upon Sinai's Mount,

Through mere solicitude on your account.
 From high behest of prudence, while you swerve,
 Your honour should you luckily preserve
 To me 'tis evident your reputation
 Is on the high way to annihilation;
 All men of sense will presently despise
 A flower that blooms for nought but butterflies,
 And if for insects beauty's toils are set,
 Nothing but insects will approach her net.

Since 'tis a truth, by fashion's annals shewn,
 The fair sex gives Society its tone,
 'Tis to be wish'd our leading belles would learn
 The man of real merit to discern,
 And not in preference place preposterous pride
 In foplings foolish, frivolous, Frenchified,
 Nor list complacent to a coxcomb's prattle,
 His heart a puff-ball, and his head a rattle.

NARCISSA.

Those you style coxcombs, silly as they are
 Rank high above your literary bear!

Your "book-full blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,"
 Is the most hateful animal I know,
 Much more disgusting than a booby bear,
 Or weakest fop e'er bred beneath the moon,
 With head as empty as an air-balloon.
 Lend your attention, pray, while I describe
 A Sackem of the literary tribe.
 Hight Decius Dumps, a Solomon, and fool,
 Could put the seven wise men of Greece to school,
 But is uncouth as elephant just caught,
 Or Oran Outan fresh from Afric brought,
 A stalking statue could not be more rigid,
 Nor walking mummy seem a jot more frigid.
 When this mirth-murderer steps into a room,
 It is pervaded by a general gloom,
 While he sits scowling with an aspect grave,
 As tenant of Trophonius's cave—(12)
 His speeches set as Cicero's orations,
 Larded with latin, and with Greek quotations,
 Thunder in words of most remorseless length,
 "The oak nodosity without its strength,"

He undertakes to woo some luckless fair
 By rules as intricate as Euclid's are,
 Lays formal siegè as if a town to win,
 And drives his courtship on through thick and thin,
 But makes approaches in a zig-zag line,
 As if he fear'd the springing of a mine.
 His clothes of some old fashion'd taylor's fangling
 Round his swart carcase shiver loose and dangling,
 And often common decency is martyr'd
 By waistcoat buttonless and hose ungarter'd.
 Dire Hobomoko, or a Kalmuck God,
 As large as life could hardly seem so odd.
 O could you see him at our country dances,
 Clumsy, but coltlike, how the creature prances !
 At his approach the ladies quake and quail,
 A fiery comet, with a blazing tail,
 Threat'ning the world a general conflagration
 Could hardly cause a greater consternation,
 Than this phenomenon among the fair,
 For each one trembles lest the learned bear
 Should pounce on her as partner for a prance,
 And drag her dreadful down the desperate dance.

Now he approximates the shuddering band,
 Seizes his palpitating victim's hand,
 Swinging his truant legs from door to door,
 Heavy as Dutch horse thunders down the floor !
 Sideways and lengthways, every way he bounces,
 Gowntails and gauzes, furbelows and flounces,
 Are torn beneath his elbows, hoofs and paws,
 That rip and rend and rive like saw mill-saws !
 Earthquakes and hurricanes together met,
 Could scarcely furnish so confus'd a set,
 (Roaring above, and rumbling under ground,)
 As those condemn'd to thrid the mazy round,
 With this your famous literary ass,
 As mere a brute as ever went to grass.
 Thus the poor peasant all astounded stands,
 Who sees a whirlwind traversing his lands,
 And demons, dancing in the hurricane,
 Scatter his haycocks, and beat down his grain.
 Dost think that any decent female can
 Endure the company of such a man ?
 I'd sooner wed a legendary ghost, (13)

Or monkey, fresh from Afric's torrid coast,
 Or bid the carpenter cut out for me
 A husband from a blasted hemlock tree.

So much for science, now, sir, if you please,
 I'll etch you one of his antipodes.
 Spruce Dicky Dangle is a lady's man,
 Fine as the spangles on a lady's fan ;
 With dress unsullied, linen white as snow,
 A coat " the tippy," white topp'd boots " the go,"
 A high crown'd hat, with half an inch of rim,
 To crown a figure delicately slim,
 He hovers round one, nimble as a fay,
 Mild as a moon beam in the month of May,
 Always contriving schemes for one's diversion,
 Some city jaunt, or sleighing ride excursion—
 Anticipates each wish at half a glance,
 And such a partner for a country dance !
 Graceful and light, in air he seems to swim,
 And all Adonis shines in every limb !
 What though 'tis true some envious folks have said
 His heels are hardly lighter than his head,

Such pretty creatures can't be made in vain
 But find their proper place in beauty's train
 Besides, he whispers in my ear full oft
 Things all so sentimental, sweet and soft,
 A heart of adamant cannot but shew
 Some kindness to so delicate a beau.

MENTOR.

Lady, you've sketch'd a highly finish'd pair,
 Your polish'd monkey, and your learned bear,
 Though characters we meet with every day,
 Not every painter could so well pourtray.
 Learning presents no privilege to dispense
 With rules of complaisance and common sense.
 The muses have no quarrel with the graces,
 But hold, when hand in hand, their proper places.
 Men I have known of knowledge most profound,
 For polish'd manners scarcely less renown'd, (15)
 And every rightly cultivated mind
 Adds to his lore a knowledge of mankind:
 But your fine fop's a character I deem
 Not quite so harmless as the thing would seem;

What though the creature has an empty head,
 It is an animal one ought to dread ;
 It has no heart, ne'er felt for other's pain,
 And strives to be as vicious as 'tis vain.
 Small talents with great wickedness combin'd,
 May work a world of woe to woman-kind.

I would not wish your pedant lumber-headed,
 Nor shapeless clown to youth and beauty wedded ;
 The drivelling dotard, hypochondriac-mad,
 The wild enthusiast with visage sad,
 The selfish being, with affections cold,
 The sordid miser, brooding o'er his gold,
 Nature ne'er meant for those intense delights,
 Which wait on youth and beauty's favourites.
 Your savage-seeming, verjuice-visag'd noddies,
 Have minds in general fitted to their bodies ;
 The deity, in kindness to our race,
 Has set a stamp on every human face,
 By which, together with the shape and air,
 A shrewd observer may at once declare,
 From characters of no ambiguous kind,

What are the leading lineaments of mind.
 Nature, with all her whims is, rarely known,
 To gild the casket of a worthless stone.
 Of reptiles venomous there are but few
 That are not likewise loathsome to the view.
 There are exceptions to these general rules,
 When wise men shew the indices of fools ;
 Shrewd Æsop, and sage Socrates, we're told,
 Had features fashio'd in the roughest mould.
 But these are rank'd among anomalous cases,
 And few bright minds are blurr'd with ugly faces ;
 Where e'er the soul is barbarous and rough,
 The visage is of corresponding stuff ;
 Nature ne'er meant to mask her human creatures,
 But bade the passions mould the pliant features,
 Till one as plainly may peruse their traces,
 As read a label, in their tell-tale faces.
 The signs are sure as text of holy book,
 For thus we say one has a *hanging look* ;
 This man's sppearance indicates a quiz,
 That man exhibits an assassin's phiz.
 The Kaluzuck-features, and the Eskimeaux,

The stupid melancholy savage shew.
 In our poor natives' faces, not a line
 Displays the human countenance divine.
 But grief and care too commonly we find,
 Or hopeless love eclipse the brightest mind;
 Anxiety the fairest visage shrouds,
 And mental light scarce glimmers through the clouds.
 When we perceive the wan brow overcast,
 Scath'd by the lightning of misfortune's blast,
 'Tis worth one's tender and judicious care
 To seek what caus'd the tempest gather'd there,
 And if it rose from carking care, or love,
 Which time, and tender treatment may remove,
 The wand of friendship, haply you may find,
 May bring back sunshine to the darken'd mind.

When you behold a genuine "son of soul,"
 Bending to beauty's magical control,
 Doting on some shrewd, cold, capricious fair,
 And stung by all the scorpions of despair,
 Your smile, perhaps, or glance of approbation
 May wake this senseless block to animation,

And you perform as great a wonder then
As Pyrrha erst transforming stones to men.(15)

NARCISSE.

But if I find that my admirer is
A bashful, awkward, and unhandy quizz,
Odd, though officious, forward, yet embarrass'd,
Must I be ever and forever harrass'd?
Were it not better to dismiss the dunce,
And give the dolt his destiny at once?

METON.

Your penetration, lady, will discover
The character, and motives of your lover;
David appear'd insane to common eyes,(16)
And angels have been seen in rustic guise.
Sometimes a truly meritorious youth,
By love's embarrassments is made uncouth,
His hesitating speech and odd address
Proclaim the Satyr of the wilderness,
A sort of semi-vegetating lout,
As coarse as Cloddipole, or Colin Clout,

Until, at length, from bashful durance freed,
Your Pan's transfigur'd to a Ganymede.

Cupid, like Circe strange mutations makes,
Coarse country clowns, transforms to courtly rakes;
Or bids the courtier over act the clown,
And makes a fool's cap of a monarch's crown.

Desponding love the brightest eye can dim,
And like the night-mare fetter every limb,
By hope inspir'd, it bids an air divine,
In every feature, every gesture shine.

Licentious love assumes as many shapes
As did the old celestial jackanapes,
Who in a course of vile intrigues, we're told,
Became a bull, a swan, a shower of gold.
But if your suitor be indeed sincere
The following indications will appear,
Looks, actions, words proclaim his pure intention,
Now flush'd with hope, now pale with apprehension,
The cautious, silent but enraptur'd gaze,

His half-express'd, half stifled wish betrays,
 Emotions speak, he trembles to reveal,
 But yet too powerful wholly to conceal ;
 Impell'd by fond solicitude he tries,
 To scan your accents, and to read your eyes ;
 Dwells on each gesture, treasures every word
 With all the anxiety of hope deferr'd.
 No toils nor dangers were to him amiss
 To gain that certainty of waking bliss,
 Which an assurance, would to him impart,
 He had obtain'd an interest in your heart.
 He will not stun you with a coxcomb's tattle,
 Nor vague unmeaning artificial prattle,
 Far fetch'd allusions, and quaint similes,
 Which speak a quibbling head, and heart at ease,—
 Will not attempt your morals to pervert,
 Feelings to wound, nor delicacy hurt,
 Awkward he seems, on meditation bent,
 His every gesture shews embarrassment ;
 And every feature characters of care,
 For true love ever borders on despair ;
 And if the spell's of long continuation,

He falls a victim to its fascination.
 A settled gloom his miseries complete,
 And shatter'd reason abdicates its seat :
 Before his merits you can fairly rate,
 His diffidence, 'tis your's to dissipate,
 And bid the lenitive of hope impart
 Some consolation to his wounded heart.
 When the lorn lover feels relief from pain,
 And sighing Strephon is " himself again,"
 In this new modell'd being you may find
 A constant lover, and a husband kind,
 A quick proficient in those witching arts,
 Which form the ligaments of kindred hearts.

Should you perceive your lover's case forlorn,
 Let not the pains and penalties of scorn,
 When you are forc'd to disallow his plea,
 Add double damages to your decree ;
 For though your sentence may be strictly just,
 Yet it may humble merit in the dust,
 Put purest innocence upon the rack,
 'Till reason staggers, and the heart-strings crack.

Suffer no vain nor frivolous pretence
 To keep an anxious suitor in suspense,
 "If hope's creative spirit cannot raise
 One trophy, sacred to your future days,"
 The fated negative with kindness blend,
 Dismiss the suitor, but retain the friend.

What disappointment can be more severe,
 What more deserves commiseration's tear,
 Than his hard fate, who seeks a friend for life,
 A lovely, loving, and beloved wife—
 Who has so long on her perfections dwelt,
 And at her shrine, so long, so often knelt
 His very being seems identified
 With that of his anticipated bride—
 Already bound by flattering hope's affiance,
 And all his wishes centred in th' alliance,
 Yet trembling waits his arbiter's decree
 For all he is or e'er expects to be—
 Can dream of nought but joining hands and hearts,
 Of kindred souls created counter parts—
 Has built no doubt, to please his matchless fair,

A thousand stately palaces in air,
 Fabric on fabric rearing in a trice,
 Glittering like Russian palaces of ice—
 One look severe, conveys a fatal blow
 Which lays his visionary prospects low,
 And when affection's chords you rudely sever,
 His sun of happiness seems set forever ?
 But such solitudes your heartless beau,
 Has never known, nor can he ever know,
 Incapable of any generous passion,
 He bows to every deity of fashion.
 From your levee discard the fickle fop,
 Away the imp. of levity will hop,
 Like silly insect, ever on the wing,
 And flutter round some other giddy thing.
 Should you be doom'd with one of this pert train,
 To wear for life, the loath'd hymeneal chain,
 Soon would you curse the inauspicious hour,
 Which put you in the paltry tyrant's power.
 With all such vapid votaries of variety,
 Sickly disgust succeeds to dull satiety ;
 Their sun of love declines before its noon,

Wanes with the waning of the honey moon,
 Then, like queen Mary and her favourite Scot,
 The pair unite to execrate their lot,
 Half smother'd hatred in each bosom burns,
 Or cold indifference into fury turns.

But if a milder destiny await,
 Your ill starr'd union with a worthless mate,
 One half yourself can never fit the other,
 And though the flames of discord you may smother,
 And act in style the modish man and wife,
 You lead an anxious, yet insipid life :
 Embraces cold, civility constrain'd,
 Compliances with which the heart is pain'd,
 The look ungentle, summoning a tear,
 Petty vexatations, nameless, yet severe,
 Taunts half express'd that border upon strife,
 The heart corrode and taint the springs of life ;
 No other love his bestial nature suits,
 But what is his in common with the brutes,
 A sordid appetite, unhallow'd fire,
 In which no friendship purifies desire.

Soon, hapless pair, you fall in time's arrears,
 Plod, peevishly adown the vale of years,
 And where will then your boasted partner rank,
 His heart a sink of vice, his head a blank ?
 Alas ! too late you find no charms can bind
 Save those which serve for linking mind to mind,
 And bid affection's buds forever bloom,
 When all that's mortal moulders in the tomb.

Nor time alone your pleasures may invade,
 The most angelic human form may fade,
 Blasted in youth by premature decay,
 And furnish death an unexpected prey.
 When life's gay morn is wrapp'd in Stygian gloom,
 And beauty hovers o'er th' untimely tomb ;
 Those lovely lips, and cherub-cheeks disclose
 No more the lily, blended with the rose,
 Sunk in their sockets of extinguish'd fire,
 Those eyes, which now might apathy inspire,
 Who of the tribe of coxcombs has the power
 To sooth the sorrows of the torturing hour ?
 Who then, with silent step, suspended breath,

Would hover round you, on the bed of death,
 With softest spell of sympathy appease
 The ruthless pangs of merciless disease ;
 Bend in mute anguish o'er that fading form,
 Print on cold lips affection's kisses warm ?
 Who then in spite of manacles of clay,
 Spite of the loathsome symptoms of decay,
 Spurning at sense, and sensual control,
 Then, even then would mingle soul with soul,
 And in one charming character would blend
 Divine, physician, husband, lover, friend ?

NARCISSA.

Your rhetorick triumphs, sir, and I propose
 No more to flirt with fickle, faithless beaux,
 But banish bipeds of the coxcomb kind,
 Whose vows are vapours, and whose oaths are wind.
 But should I chance a man of sense to meet,
 Who is withal a gentleman complete,
 Who would unite his destiny with mine,
 While Cupid's torch illumines Hymen's shrine,
 No more I'll shun th' indissoluble band,

But dedicate to him my heart and hand,
 E'en condescend to set me down for life,
 And be that hum drum animal, a wife.
 But e'er I'm tangled in the fatal noose,
 And tie the knot death only can unloose,
 Perhaps your worship's monitorial voice
 May furnish rules to regulate my choice.
 Please give a full length likeness of the man,
 Whom you would have me marry, if I can.

MENTOR.

Before you venture on a wedded state,
 Be cautious that you clearly estimate
 Your suitor's conduct, character and views,
 And all that gives to life its varied hues,
 Age, morals, prospects, temper, education,
 Require a most minute examination;
 Ne'er wed, for sake of managing a fool,
 Lest you be mangled by a blunt-edg'd tool—
 United to a simpleton, you'll find
 That folly is as obstinate as blind,
 For often men with scarcely common sense

Become great plagües, to prove their consequence.

I've seen a stupid, sullen, lordly lout,
 With barely wit enough to walk about,
 The doughty hero of domestic war,
 To shew he's not the fool he's taken for ;
 Though destitute of every other merit,
 His fireside skirmishes display his spirit ;
 His poor domesticks' backs and sides attest
 To the puissance of his manly breast,
 And china crash'd beneath his churlish cane,
 Displays his prowess in his own domain.
Abroad he would not treat the meanest man ill,
 The tiger fawns, and crouches like a spaniel,
 Pockets each insult, sneaks away from strife,
At home he vents, his fury on his wife !
 The tyrant thus engrafted on the brute,
 The tree produces execrable fruit.

Ne'er run the risk, a wedded life attends,
 Without the sanction of experienced friends,
 But as you wish to shun extremest wo,
 Reserve the privilege of saying no.

Should kindred, friends, and parents all unite,
 To recommend a worthy favourite,
 Evince your gratitude for favours meant,
 But do not wed without your own consent.
 Mistaken friendship only could advise
 To make your heart a loathing sacrifice,
 And thus a horrid living death contrive,
 Like vestal prostitutes inhum'd alive,(17)
 And what would make most terrible your doom,
 A hated husband's arms, your living tomb !
 Nor is it oft a less mistake to deem,
 You cannot love a suitor you esteem,
 For love may be by gratitude excited,
 And oft lies dormant, till a pair's united.
 Ne'er wed a man, whom his own sex despise,
 However pleasing to your partial eyes,
 For such have always something in their nature,
 In common with a fop or *petit maître*.
 • Should both the Indies all their mines unfold,
 And bid you barter happiness for gold,
 Never be dup'd by any venal plan,
 To wed the treasure and detest the man.

But though I would not wish a lady's heart
 Set up for sale in matrimonial mart,
 Unless the purchaser make better proffers
 Than that of all the wealth in Mammon's coffers,
 Let not the blind God urge you to dispense
 With a fair prospect of a competence ;
 The most affectionate and well match'd pair,
 Will find it hard to live on love and air,
 Wrapt in th' Elysium of connubial bliss,
 Food, fire, and raiment will not come amiss
 Love is an epicure, and never din'd
 Like a chameleon on the north east wind.

Let not a transient, visionary flame,
 Lure thee to paths of misery and shame,
 Love's a delirious and destructive dream,
 Unless 'tis built on rational esteem ;
 Despise those silly and romantic notions
 Of wonderful and non-descript emotions,
 Which set two kindred spirits, at first sight,
 A loving furiously with main and might,
 So suddenly, so ardently attach'd,

The simpletons suppose their souls were match'd,
 By gentle mandate of resistless fate,
 In Dr. Watts' pre-existing state,
 And ten to one their tempers, educations,
 Their views of life and favourite occupations,
 Proclaim them opposites, by more degrees,
 Than those which separate antipodes.

Though novel writers have for aye insisted
 That love's a power which cannot be resisted ;
 Such trash is mischievous and merely meet
 To qualify pert misses for the street ;
 Love without hope will commonly expire,
 Hope fans and feeds the fascinating fire,
 Which oft is kindled by imagination,
 Or what physicians call hallucination ;
 And may be overcome by any mean
 That's found of efficacy in the spleen ;
 Amusement, occupation of some kind,
 Which may agreeably engross the mind,
 Nine times in ten, the lover disenchant,
 And Cupid's viewless arrows turn aslant.

In spite of all small poets say and sing,
 He rarely hits a bird that's on the wing.
 Are you in love unless on ruin bent,
 Sit not like patience on a monument,
 Fancy's pernicious visions to indulge,
 A prey to feelings you dare not divulge,
 But to some prudent common friend impart
 The sentiments, which agitate your heart,
 By whom, with proper management, no doubt,
 An eclaircissement may be brought about,
 And yet your confident need not reveal,
 A sentiment, which honor would conceal.
 But, if by these, or other means you learn,
 That your partiality meets no return,
 Let none discover that you have been slighted,
 Or that affections' blossoms have been blighted ;
 In such mischance 'tis bootless to complain,
 For e'en a Sappho's lyre was tun'd in vain,
 And Sappho's fate describ'd in Sappho's lays,
 Would be the scoff and scorn of modern days ;
 Then, though with her intensity you feel,
 Your sentiments if possible conceal.

Some pre-engagement may perhaps exist,
 Perhaps your favourite's not on Hymen's list.
 The urchin God, besides his being blind
 Is volatile and faithless as the wind;
 'Tis folly like the love-lorn lass of Greece,
 To yield to such a Deity's caprice.

Some foolish fair suppose that they discover
 In each male visitant, a desperate lover,
 And make themselves ridiculous in th' extreme,
 'Till they perceive their conquest is a dream;
 And others fall the victims, by surprise,
 Of love, approaching under friendship's guise,
 To shun these gulphs requires some little art,
 And rules laid down to read a suitor's heart.

Let no repugnance to a single state,
 Lead to a union with a worthless mate,
 At Hymen's vestibule, though long you tarry,
 Never betray solicitude to marry,
 For brutal men are ever prone to vex
 A seeming suitor of the fairer sex;

And men of sense can hardly be expected,
 To seek a hand that's often been rejected ;
 And though 'tis true, you'll find full many a fool
 Who would make old maids the butts of ridicule,
 A single lady, though advanced in life,
 Is much more happy than an ill-match'd wife.
 Of frivolous ball-room flutterers beware,
 For dissipation's annals will declare,
 Like ignes fatui hovering o'er a swamp,
 They've led to ruin many a pretty romp.
 I would not have a fashionable belle,
 Discard her beau because he dances well,
 Nor wed the man of minuets, jigs and reels,
 Whose merits all are center'd in his heels ;
 Partners for life should higher claims advance,
 Than those which serve for partners in a dance.
 The scoffing infidel and wretch profane,
 Should be expell'd from youth and beauty's train,
 With victims of that fatal fascination,
 Which drowns the faculties in dissipation ;
 No general rules, however, can embrace
 The cautions due in every special case,

Your own discretion is your safest guide,
But these my hints may aid you to decide.

FANCINEA.

Since this important subject is dispatch'd,
Our *matchless* fair will be divinely *match'd*,
Cupid will cease from customary pranks,
And Hymen's lottery furnish no more blanks,
Henceforth "no hot hearts" will be led astray,
But pair as quietly as birds in May.

Our Powers and Duties you have dwelt upon,
And given us rules to regulate the ton,
But we have *rights*, of which you know a draught,
Was sketch'd by one Miss Mary Wolstonecraft,
And which, I take it, as a lady's friend,(18)
Your worship's etching ought to comprehend.
Since you esteem our sex so good and great,
Why not hold offices in Church and State?
Some female warriors have been found as famous
As any heroes history can name us,
In private life, each day's experience teaches,

We cannot be surpass'd in making speeches,
 And none can doubt but lady-legislators
 Would make at least most capital debaters.

MENTOR.

Dame Nature tells us Mary's rights are wrong,
 Her female freedom is a Syren-Song ;
 What though our Sampsons, Solomons are found,
 By artful women, led astray or bound—
 Though female counsellors, time out of mind,
 Have rul'd the mighty rulers of mankind ;
 Fierce fighting heroes and despotic kings,
 Fasten'd in triumph to their apron strings,
 And lady politicians, I confess
 Are quite unmatched, in sheer finesse,
 Those who give motion to such state machines,
 Succeed the best, when plac'd behind the scenes ;
 Should ladies-errant undertake to deal
 In "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss" and steel,
 Perhaps some incidents might much perplex
 The boldest warriors of the gentler sex.
 Should fighting fair ones, take the field in state,

They'll capture fewer than they'll captivate ;
 And though, no doubt a battery of bright eyes,
 Would cause a dismal quantity of sighs,
 Still, warriors, smitten with celestial charms,
 But rarely run away from *female* arms,
 The kind of death, in which fair heroines deal,
 Are not like those dispens'd by griding steel,
 For men, though murder'd by your eye-beam shot,
 Still live to own they'd rather die than not ;
 And lovers' deaths present a kind of bourne
 From whence your travellers commonly return.

In lapse of ages, true, we now and then
 Viragos find, who ape ambitious men,
 And once or twice, in several hundred years,
 A Catharine or Elizabeth appears ;
 But still, the annals of mankind declare,
 That such phenomena are very rare—
 That female power but rarely has its source
 In martial deeds, or is maintain'd by force.

In savage life to woman is assign'd,
 All offices of mean laborious kind,
 Her stupid spouse condemns her to a place,
 Scarce one remove above the bestial race.
 An hopeless state of servitude for life,
 And holds his dog far dearer than his wife.
 By toil degraded, and depress'd by fear,
 She feels no tie that makes existence dear,
 Life is a burthen, heavy to endure,
 A long disease, which death alone can cure ;
 And lest her offspring meet the dreadful doom
 Of hopeless servitude and rayless gloom,
 She murders them !—esteems the fatal blow,
 The highest boon affection can bestow ! (19)

Scarce less the evils which your sex await,
 When man emerging from a savage state;
 Has fill'd his scone with strange erratic fancies,
 Such as we see in legends and romances ;
 When, honour'd with his lady's scarf or glove,
 Boiling with valour, terribly in love,

Arm'd capapee, the formidable knight
 Rides forth to conquer, in his lady's right,
 To prove beyond the shadow of a doubt
 His mistress beautiful as he is stout ;
 And *cut men's throats* in right heroic fashion.
 To shew the influence of the *tender* passion.
 Mean while the fair one, who inspir'd his flame,
 Her desperate champion scarcely knows by name ;
 In castle gloomy and remote confin'd,
 Shut out from all communion with mankind,
 Scarce visited by e'en a solar ray,
 She vegetates a torpid life away.
 Again what evils and temptations wait
 On woman in a highly polish'd state ?
 She then becomes a truant, trifling thing,
 Destin'd to dally, dandle, dance and sing,
 To paint, parade, play, prattle, and excite
 The grossest cravings of gross appetite—
 A kind of love that's foreign to the heart,
 In which esteem can never bear a part.
 But when mankind are *duly* civiliz'd,
 The sex are honour'd and their virtues priz'd,

'Tis then recogniz'd as the omniscient plan
 That woman be the equal friend of man,
 That those alike most dangerously misjudge,
 Who make her or a goddess, or a drudge.

NARCISSA.

Bound fast in fate's indissoluble tether,
 The paths of life the sexes trace together,
 Are fellow travellers, weal or woe betide,
 And when one slips the other's sure to slide,
 Thus 'tis recorded in th' historic page,
 In every nation, and in every age,
 When man's deprav'd by folly or by crimes,
 Woman becomes a sample of the times,
 Our foibles, themes of moral declamation,
 Are mostly lures to gain your approbation,
 For true it is, in every scheme we plan,
 We are but anglers for that odd-fish, man,
 Our very crimes, to catch male gudgeons meant,
 Are but too well adapted to th' intent.

MENTOR.

For this cause fashion's whim whams are embrac'd,
Her now no body, now three quarters waist,
Her fickle followers play as many pranks,
As could a troop of crazy mountebanks ;
With garments now, as Indian blanket loose,
And now tight lac'd, as stiff as spitted goose,
Anon behold a neck and bosom bare,
Allures the biped game to beauty's lair.
But still, with all your toils and pains immense,
Such fool-traps rarely take a man of sense,
And I would warn our fashionable misses
Against this sporting upon precipices.
Though rakes and coxcombs, malapert and vain,
And paltry parasites may swell your train
Yet these false-hearted simpletons despise
The flirts whom they pretend to idolize :
Believe them silly things, who have the power
To speed the pinions of an idle hour,
But genuine love and rational esteem,
Are qualities of which they never dream,
And prudent people will be apt to fear,

Such liberal ladies are what they appear.
 When e'er a dress of gew gaws and of flounces
 Is quite transparent and scarce weighs four ounces,
 I'm led to think its silly owner's brains,
 Can hardly muster half as many grains :
 For who would wed a nymph, though passing fair,
 Whose boasted charms are common as the air ?
 What chapman, if he's not a block-head buys,
 A property he can't monopolize ?
 What showman, who is not a stupid wight,
 Displays his greatest rarities in sight ?
 One would suppose the answers must be plain,
 And strike all intellects not quite insane,
 And yet sometimes I fear our modern Eves
 Will quite forget their grandam wore fig leaves,
 And by and by at fashion's frivolous call,
 Appear quite naked at a public ball,
 Like fine French ladies, who by fashion led on,
 Once grac'd a theatre, without a thread on. (20)
 Full many a beauty blasted in her bloom,
 This stripping mania hurries to the tomb ;—
 There's one old Boreas woos your thin clad fair,

Salutes them boldly, and with such an air !
 But this rough gallant has a baneful breath,
 And his embraces are the assaults of death.

NARCISSE.

Now, Mr. Monitor, you play the scrub,
 And act Diogenes, without his tub !
 For fashion's models you would wish, I'll venture ye,
 To send us back for more than half a century ;
 By your sagacity we shall be told
 That nought is excellent but what is old.
 Wouldst thou revive the fooleries of dress,
 Which mark'd "the golden age of good queen Bess"
 In whale-bone boddices lace beauty's train,
 'Till like a wasp they're nearly cut in twain ?
 With huge hoop petticoats gay nymphs surround,
 And trains that trail for yards upon the ground ?
 Or would those old French fashions be preferr'd,
 Which were, if possible still more absurd,
 When caps, and bonnets, menacing the moon,
 Glar'd like a meteor, or an air balloon—
 Head dresses tall as towers were all the ton,

And dashing beauties when they put them on,
 Arrang'd their toilets in the open street,
 And when their upper-story was complete,
 Love's apparatus fitted to a pin,
 The widest street door would not take them in ?
 The fascinating creatures then, no doubt,
 Play'd off their charms on passengers without.
 Thus erst, in France they strove for fashion's prize,
 Unless grave authors state enormous lies. (21)
 Or will your worship be so good as state,
 What follies please you of less ancient date ?
 You would be raptur'd, if I right opine,
 With high-heel'd shoes, crape cushions to combine,
 Would wish our toilets fix'd upon the scale,
 Of Richard Steele's good lady Fardingle.

ANAPRON.

I am no Cynic, lady, who would lay
 A stumbling block in youth and beauty's way,
 With candor too, I willingly avow,
 That fashion's follies are less foolish now,
 Than were the pranks she formerly display'd,

When on life's stage my foolish part was play'd.
 I wish you not to altogether brave
 The laws of fashion, nor to be its slave,
 While at your toilet decency presides,
 Let taste and judgment be your constant guides,
 Your age, shape, rank, the season, your complexion,
 With your apparel claim a due connexion ;
 Let your attire, at proper times be airy,
 And if you please fantastic as a fairy,
 But never sacrifice your health and ease,
 To a vain hope by fashion's whims to please.
 Let not your wardrobe be disgrac'd by means
 Of modern, modish, mischievous machines,
 With which, unless they're dolefully belied,
 Some fools of fashion have been fortified,
 And bitterly, regretted their presumption,
 When squeez'd and pinion'd into a consumption.
 My pupils should not be allow'd the use
 Of too much vinegar and lemon juice,
 With which some ladies, not so nice a prim,
 For sake of seeming delicately slim, [forgive)
 Have drugg'd themselves (may heaven such fools

'Till they became too delicate to live !
 These and a thousand such pernicious arts,
 Folly's artillery aim'd at heedless hearts,
 May now and then a fop or fool decoy,
 But cannot fail that influence to destroy,
 Which, if it were to truth and virtue giv'n,
 Might make this earth a prototype of heav'n.

If vice and folly bask in beauty's smile,
 Like noxious reptiles on the banks of Nile,
 Their votaries vile soon swarm on either hand,
 And spread like locusts o'er a ruin'd land.

Ladies who "stoop to conquer" fashion's elves,
 Injure mankind, and over reach themselves,
 For beauty under affectation's guise,
 Is sheer deformity, in reason's eyes.

See Fanny Flytrap glitter at a ball,
 A brisk automaton, a walking doll,
 But such a paragon in shape and air,
 Venus de Medicis would seem less fair,

What shoals of fops around the fair one caper,
 Like giddy insects, buzzing round a taper !
 Cælebs by chance within the circle strays,
 A man of sense, attracted by the blaze
 Of beauty so transcendent, with design,
 His heart to offer at so fair a shrine.
 The pretty idiot opes her coral lips,
 Where love of course his choicest nectar sips ;
 Bolts out crude nonsense, with affected lisp,
 And beauty's son becomes a will-o-wisp.
 To catch all hearts, see now she's on th' alert,
 Now plays the prude, now overacts the flirt,
 Ogles and stares, and languishes and tries,
 To look ineffably with both her eyes,
 Now gives her fan it's fascinating flutter,
 And titters every syllable she utters.

Behold what attitudes, display of shapes,
 Held out as lures to fashionable apes,
 Each gesture says " how beautiful I be,"
 And every look " Lord only look of me"!
 With Cælebs now the charm dissolves a pace,

He wonders now she sports so plain a face !
 Her arts and attitudes have lost their aim,
 And chill'd the fervour of his rising flame ;
 Like Ixion now, he finds his goddess proud,
 Is metamorphos'd to a vapid cloud.
 Though fops and fools admire such dainty ~~arts~~,
 With scarce the intellect of yearling colts,
 Not Venus' self the man of sense would bind,
 Without some portion of Minerva's mind.
 " Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
 Yet this fine thing, with neither head nor heart,
 Is not the fool of nature, but of art,
 From earliest infancy has been appris'd,
 That *such a beauty* must be idoliz'd,
 E'en by her nurse, while yet a tiny elf,
 Taught not to *reverence*, but *adore* herself.
 Fond foolish parents, blest with wealth and rank,
 Worshipp'd her form, but left her head a blank,
 Hence that fine shape, gay air, and lily skin,
 But make more evident the blank within,

Her beauty's found, when brought to reason's trial,
A flaring label on an empty vial.

Her contrast see in yonder timid fair,
With such an artless, notice shunning air,
Not trilled, and furbelow'd from head to feet,
Her dress plain, elegant, and simply neat,
An unaffected modesty display'd
In every look, and motion of the maid,
Which e'en the greatest libertines admire,
Commands esteem and over awes desire,
An apprehension quick, a mind serene,
Stamp their divinity upon her mien,
Like that majestic virtue, which subdued
As Milton sings, the monsters of the wood—(22)
Adorn a simple village maiden more,
Than could the cestus Cythereis wore,(23).
Still there is nothing in her shape or face,
The painter's or the sculptor's hand can trace,
Which gives a claim to beauty's envied mead,
Whence then can so much loveliness proceed?
There is a beauty, which transcends their art,

A cultur'd mind, and rectitude of heart,
 Speak in her looks, in every action shine,
 And tell the world their mansion is divine.
 Familiar beauty's sure to be neglected,
 Respect yourself, if you would be respected,
 Imprudent females, when too late discover,
 A lover blest no longer is a lover,
 'That lovers half-blest loose one half their flame,
 Is shewn by many a disappointed aim.

Selina fears you'll take her for a prude,
 Unless she suffers suitors to be rude,
 Her ready lips celestial sweets disclose,
 Without a forfeit to a herd of beaux,
 Who hover round her, as in grocer's shop,
 A swarm of flies beset a treacle drop ;
 With rumpled dress, she flirts about the town,
 Squir'd by some knight of infamous renown ;
 " A youth of fire who has drunk deep and play'd,
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,"
 She makes her beau, for ball or sleighing ride,
 Her chief fan-flirter, and her shopping guide—

" For him, as yet unhang'd she spreads her charms,
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
 And amply gives, (though treated long amiss,)
 The man of merit his revenge in this."
 'Tis thus that beauty, brought to vice's aid,
 Your sex may ruin, and our sex degrade.

NARCISSA.

While thus you follow fashion's crazy crew,
 One half your subject has escap'd your view,
 If satire's tribute you must stop to pay,
 To every nude that shivers in your way,
 With critical and scrutinizing eye,
 Note every pin we chance to stick awry—
 Misrepresent our sex as monstrous creatures,
 As faithless mirrors mar the brightest features,
 And Quixotte-like deal doughty random blows
 To overthrow imaginary beaux,
 Make effigies of straw, then claim renown
 For prowess shewn in hunting of them down,
 Your straggling Pegasus, as I perpend,
 Will founder long before his journey's end ;

By well bred critics, you'll be dubb'd, I fear,
 Rather a caviller than a cavallier ;
 Your rambling dissertation will be said
 To be a labyriath without a thread—
 Your favourite themes of foppery and flirtation,
 Are foreign quite to female education.

MENTOR.

“Tis education forms the tender mind,
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd”
 This hacknied adage, not more trite than true,
 Applies with most propriety to you,
 Life's cares are apt to counteract the checks
 Of education in the ruder sex,
 In woman's mind the characters first trac'd
 Are much less liable to be eras'd,
 Hence woman's almost every aberration,
 Flows from some fault in early education.

Though beauty's province can but ill afford
 The laurels of the sceptre or the sword,
 No valid reason thence can be assign'd,

Against improvement of the female mind,
 The fairer sex are blest with mental powers,
 Which well may bear comparison with ours,
 Different in kind, but equal in degree,
 'Tis surely then a most unjust decree,
 Which dooms your beauties, frivolous and vain,
 To lavish life away in fashion's train,
 As if like Turks we held that God had giv'n
 The sex no souls, nor made them heirs of heaven ;
 Their duties in the most secluded station,
 Demand a mind improv'd by education,
 As mothers, sisters, mistresses and wives,
 They give, support, sooth, sweeten, charm our lives;
 In every station, destiny or sphere,
 The fruits of education will appear.

Perhaps as mothers of the human race,
 Your influence shews its most important trace,
 A mother's care should form the infant mind
 To knowledge, virtue, sentiment refin'd,
 Her plastic hand bids virtue's cion shoot,
 Or blasts its blossom and extirps its root,

She bids the nascent sage or hero aim,
 By honour's path to climb the steep of fame,
 Or she debases into low pursuits,
 Like Circe changes human kind to brutes ;
 Thus Spartan mothers their bold offspring steel'd
 Sent them invincible to glory's field.(24)
 Cornelia, noble, and ambitious dame,
 Thus fann'd that spark of glory to a flame,
 Which urg'd the patriot-brothers to their doom,
 And the fond parent triumph'd o'er their tomb,(25)
 Thus Nero's mother was the instigator,
 Of every crime of every name and nature,
 Maternal influence likewise did impart,
 To Borgia, model of satanic art,
 His serpent-head, and adamant heart.(26)

Let those to whom the task may be assign'd,
 The important task to mould the infant mind,
 With ceaseless care, and diligence inspect,
 The earliest buddings of the intellect,
 The shoots of vanity and pride erase,
 And sow the seeds of wisdom in their place.

The infant mind not long remains a blank,
 The weeds of vice soon spring up wild and rank,
 In every mental field, not early till'd,
 And virtue's finest plants are chok'd and kill'd,
 But fashion's tares the produce rarely spoil,
 Of a correctly cultivated soil.

Let the first lessons given to female youth
 Be fraught with moral and religious truth,
 And every sentiment, which you impart,
 At once improve the head and mend the heart.
 Never pervert the young imagination
 With tales of terror, fancy's fabrication,
 Teach her the scale of reason to apply,
 To every thing which meets the ear or eye ;
 Nor fill her little head with whims and fancies,
 You must obliterate as life advances.
 'Tis worse than useless, labour to bestow,
 In planting seeds you cannot wish should grow,
 When you, perhaps, may find your efforts vain,
 To extirpate those very seeds again.
 In words and actions cautious and correct,

Despise that gibberish-nursery-dialect,
 Which silly people are so apt to use,
 The faculties of infants to abuse ;
 Let tales of goblin, ghost, or church yard sprite,
 Or grisly apparition cloth'd in white,
 Death-watches, omens, never meet her ear,
 The mind t' enslave with superstitious fear.

Study the texture of the pupil's mind,
 As with a microscope that you may find,
 What faults or foibles interwoven there,
 Demand your earliest counteracting care,
 Erase each sully, while it yet is rife,
 Which else might blurr the character for life.

If little Miss should boast of beauty bright,
 Consult her glass with symptoms of delight.
 Doat on her charms, as misers doat on pelf,
 And like Narcissus pines for pretty self,
 Check her betimes, before too late you find
 Self love the ruling passion of her mind ;
 Ere she assume those gestures, and grimaces,

Which pretty simpletons mistake for graces,
 Who set themselves up beauties by profession,
 And think to hold all hearts in their possession,
 (As boys string bird's eggs on a bit of thread)
 By charms, which rival goddesses might dread.

When first she seems solicitous to trace
 The budding beauties of a blooming face,
 Tell her, though now, so comely to the sight,
 She might have been, and still may be a fright—
 That mental charms give beauty to the features,
 But pretty idiots are most ugly creatures—
 That beauty, when by vanity alloy'd,
 For all good purposes is quite destroy'd—
 That 'twould be great impiety to venture
 To boast of charms, which Providence but lent her,
 Which if they merely serve to make her vain,
 He who bestow'd will take away again—
 That, should she 'scape diseases, which await
 All mortals in a sublunary state,
 Which blight the brightest beauty in the bloom,
 And send the charmer to an early tomb,

Yet youth's gay holiday will soon be past,
 The thoughtless-fair one will be doom'd at last
 To such a gallant as she does not dream on,
 Old, spiteful, ugly as a very demon,
 Ee'n gaffer Time will riot on her charms,
 And hug her life out in his shrivell'd arms :

Is she inordinately fond of dress,
 Maxims like these 'twere proper to impress,
 The gay habiliments of art must yield
 To simplest flowerets that adorn the field—
 That spite of fashion's efforts so absurd,
 To dress a lady like a humming-bird,
 Full many a despicable worm and snake
 Wear finer robes than art could ever make—
 Could she appear like Esther at a feast,
 Blazing in all the diamonds of the east,
 While plunder'd provinces are put to rack,
 To decorate her royal head and back,
 Her regal robes could not in splendor vie
 With the apparel of a butterfly.

Are angry passions potent to molest
 The little sanctuary of her breast,
 Display themselves, as discipline permits,
 In sullen, peevish, or outrageous fits,
 Your moral antidotes betimes apply
 Before the mental fever rages high,
 For soon it baffles every human art
 To drive the poison from the tainted heart.
 You may present the furious little lass
 With her own image in a looking glass—
 Tell her the passion which her peace annoys,
 Disturbs her person, and her mind destroys,
 Can only serve to make her tortur'd breast
 An emblem of a raging hornet's nest;
 Her friends will shun her as they would a toad,
 Or rattle snake that hisses in the road—
 That ladies who such paltry passions share,
 Should wear, like furies, snakes instead of hair—
 That anger's slave must serve the worst of masters,
 Expos'd each hour to terrible disasters,
 And in a moment may be led astray,
 The guilty victim of some sad affray,

Then to some tale or adage have recourse,
 Your precepts to illustrate and enforce—
 Tell how the haughty conqueror of the world,
 By passion's power from glory's summit hurl'd,
 His guilty hand in friendly blood imbued,
 Sunk self abas'd, though never self subdued—
 A mighty warrior, a ferocious elf,
 Who rul'd a world but could not rule himself.(27)
 Describe a method sometimes us'd of old
 To quell the fury of a common scold,
 When fever heat infallibly to cool,
 To beldam seated on a *ducking stool*,
 The merry mob applied the gelid bath,
 A sovereign antidote to powerless wrath,
 And oftentimes, sans medical advice,
 Cur'd petulant eruptions in a trice.(28)

To tame a shrew you must betimes begin,
 Ere pamper'd passion such ascendant win,
 Reason may find her every effort vain,
 To re-assume her abdicated reign.
 But if you find the temper of a child,

By nature timid, delicate and mild,
Be cautious lest a discipline severe
Should be the cause of many a needless tear,
Feelings excite of that indignant kind,
Which serve to harden, and depress the mind,
If reasoning fails, and punish her you must,
Make her perceive the punishment is just,
Ere you correct the culprit, let her know,
Friendship, not anger, meditates the blow.
You spare the rod, and you may spoil the child,
And yet the rod has many children spoil'd,
And parents often play the tyrant's part,
To break the temper till they break the heart.
Teachers of youth, of either sex there are,
Whose rigor drives their pupils to despair.
No winning arts the autocrats can please,
Their little charge ne'er know a moment's ease,
The awful apparatus, plac'd before them,
The rod and ferule, hung up *in terrorem*,
Bid slavish fear, the faculties enchain,
Numb every nerve and petrify the brain.

There lives in Buzzardshire one Master Gruff,
 A thorough book-worm, absolute, and rough,
 With manners ruder than a dancing bear,
 His learning gave him a preceptor's chair,
 Entitled him, on Doctor Busby's level,
 To homage such as Indians pay the devil.
 A frightful frown his beetling brow deforms,
 And e'en his smiles are harbingers of storms;
 No slave-compelling despot of Algiers,
 In greater mimic-majesty appears—
 He never deigns to touch affection's chords;
 His *blue laws*, never sanction'd by rewards,
 Seem form'd by Athens' sanguinary sage,
 Or rescripts of inquisitorial rage.
 His pupils in the pedagogue descry
 A Jove that rarely lays his thunders by.
 Not the most trivial mark of approbation
 Repays the most successful application;
 Save when king scorpion, plays the monarch log,
 From morn to night, 'tis mutter, scold and flog.
 The trembling youngers, harden'd by degrees,
 Dismiss the hope, and loose the wish to please

Take the first steps, with desperation callous,
Which persever'd in lead them to the gallows.

I've known a youth his lesson con with care,
Till he could say it like a witch's prayer,
Backwards or forwards, sideways or across,
Among his playmates never at a loss,
Yet, summon'd by his tyrant master's call,
The frighten'd innocent had lost it all,
Was dubb'd a dunce, whipp'd, order'd to depart,
With mind embruted, and a broken heart.

When constant fears the faculties o'erwhelm,
Judgment, and memory desert the helm,
The mind, at length is paraliz'd with dread,
A sword, suspended o'er a student's head,
Would little aid a mental exercise,
Or help to gain a literary prize.
And children beat'n like breaking asses' colts,
Are disciplin'd to villains or to dolts.(29)

NARCISSA.

By some good writers publick schools are tax'd
 With discipline improperly relax'd,
 Cowper condemns them in severest style,
 As almost nuisances in Britain's Isle.
 " Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
 Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once,
 That, in good time the stripling's finish'd taste
 May prove your ruin, and his own at last,
 Train him in publick with a herd of boys,
 Children in mischief only and in noise."
 So sings the British bard, and most maintain
 That teachers govern with too lax a rein,
 Sure then 'tis hardly orthodox to dream
 Of danger in the opposite extreme.

MENTOR.

'Tis difficult, in discipline's career,
 Rightly between the two extremes to steer,
 The rough and sturdy younker to command,
 Requires a heavy, and a steady hand,
 But means to check the burly and the bold

Might ruin tempers of a milder mould ;
 The reign of terror frequently we find,
 Beyond recovery blasts the growth of mind,
 For slavish apprehension's stern control,
 Freezes the "genial current of the soul ;"
 And too much licence suffers youth to stray,
 Along destruction's broad and beaten way.

The pupil's genius, rank and destination
 Should be consulted in her education,
 Let not your lessons open to her view
 A path she cannot possibly pursue ;
 Nor fill her head with fine, fallacious schemes,
 With grandeur's gorgeous and deceitful dreams—
 Present no prospects to her wishful eyes
 Which she can never hope to realize,
 'Thus make existence one continual strife,
 Against the sad realities of life.

Though formerly, as Addison has written,
 There were no *women* to be found in Britain,
 But all were *ladies*, the Spectator said,

" Though born in garrets, and in kitchens bred,"
 From Anne the Queen, who fill'd the throne of State,
 To Moll, the *quean* enthron'd in Billingsgate ;—(30)
 Though this is freedom's highly favour'd land,
 Where all of course must have the upper hand—
 Where every female, past the age of ten,
 Becomes a lady, pray what follows then ?
 With all the plans, a Tom Paine could contrive,
 Our body politick will never thrive,
 Whate'er our July orators have said,
 Unless its heels are lower than its head.
 Let friends to anarchy new dogmas twist,
 And still distinctions must and will exist.
 To give a learn'd and polish'd education,
 To one pre-destin'd to a menial station,
 Is taking pains to teach a part in fact,
 The pupil never can be call'd to act,
 A part moreover, which must be forgot,
 To reconcile her to her humble lot.

Fine arts are useless to a country charmer,
 The future help-mate of an honest farmer,

Graces, and airs, though ever so bewitching,
 Little become the dairy and the kitchen—
 A Miss may chaunt a lullaby, quite prettily,
 Without the aid of Signior Squeak, from Italy.
 Yet some fond parents, with less brains than cash,
 Wishing their "*dafters dear*" to cut a *dash*, [away,
 Their hard-earn'd gains have worse than thrown
 Teaching their sweet Jemimas to display
 The half-accomplish'd, semi-genteel fool,
 In Lady Hawbuck's country boarding school,
 Where village maids are taught to write and read ill,
 And plain cloth to disfigure with a needle—
 To paint a thing, to make "*the old ones*" stare,
 A pig, a puppy, bullock or a bear,
 But which of these the artist would pourtray,
 No mortal save a conjuror can say.
 A little French is learn'd by rote perhaps,
 Useful in filling conversation gaps,
 And with a quantity of novel reading
 Makes up a lady of *prodigious breeding* !
 Who, by *herself*, at least is look'd upon,
 As quite the tip-end of the topmost ton !

With such accomplishments, and so much learning,
 Our finish'd lady cannot help discerning
 Her parents are uncouth and countrified,
 Whom *educated people* can't abide—
 Disdains to pay to vulgar folks so rude,
 Her debt of duty and of gratitude,
 Such obligations she believes design'd
 Merely for people of the lowest kind—
 Now execrates that pitiable lot,
 Which dooms her talents to a country cot,
 In fruitless plaints expectorates her spleen,
 That so much beauty's "born to blush unseen,"
 And if some ensign, or recruiting sergeant,
 Admires said beauty, and will take the charge on't,
 She finds herself the next imprudent step,
 A soldier's trull, or vagrant demi-rep.

NARCISSA.

Oh monstrous ! wouldst thou, with a Gothic hand,
 Destroy our Ladies' schools throughout the land,
 And plough their sites to raise potatoe-crops,
 Or turn them into barns, or black-smith's shops ?

Such work of ruin would, beyond comparison,
Surpass the ravages of Hun or Saracen.

MENTOR.

No Lady, but the world shall be my debtor,
For certain hints to regulate them better.
First let each teacher be well qualified
To be a female's guardian friend and guide,
When at a tender, inexperience'd age,
She first comes forward on life's slippery stage ;
Next let the pupils' studies, occupations,
Be suited to their geniuses and stations—
Be such as cannot fail in life's career,
To make them useful in their proper sphere.
“ Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part there all the honour lies.”
'Tis folly then for one to crack his head
Striving to hammer gold leaf out of lead,
Nor greater wisdom can a teacher boast,
Who thinks to change a dowdy to a toast.
If one could alter Abigails and Nellies,
With three months' schooling into Cinderellas,

The transformation doubtless, would undo them,
 Unless they could find princes proud to woo them,
 To set a lass, who should be taught to spin,
 A daubing canvas is a *glaring* sin ;
 And some embroiderers had much better learn
 To twirl the distaff, and to dash the churn,
 Than spend their time poor patch-work to produce,
 Unfit for either ornament or use.

There is a class of flaring *would-be* beauties,
 Who fain would rise above life's cares and duties,
 With little minds and ordinary faces,
 Would set themselves up goddesses and graces ;
 But when gross bodies undertake to soar,
 Their flighty efforts serve to sink them lower,
 So half-way ladies finish their career
 Beneath the level of their proper sphere,
 And make themselves affected laughing stocks,
 Like Æsop's frog, who strove to ape the ox.
 You cannot well teach optics to the blind,
 Nor make Minervas where there's little mind,

To mould the mental features of the fair
 Is best entrusted to a mother's care,
 Unless by nature, or by education,
 She lacks the requisites for such a station ;
 Some female friend, in such unhappy case
 Should be selected to supply her place,
 But let no small degree of care attend,
 The choice of such a confidential friend,
 On whom a parent's dearest hopes depend.

Should you perceive by indications clear,
 Your pupil born to grace a higher sphere,
 Be doubly sedulous to train her mind,
 To virtue, knowledge, and to taste refin'd.
 From Edgworth's tales select each pleasing page,
 Adapted to the pupil's sex and age,
 And as the intellect becomes mature,
 To higher subjects her attention lure,
 In the best British classics you may find
 Much to enrich the treasury of mind,
 Select their jewels and unite to those
 Some cis-atlantic works in verse and prose,

And cull from Dennie, Humphreys, Barlow, Dwight
 And Livingstone, whatever may unite
 Lessons of profit, prudence and delight.
 The poets furnish much improper trash,
 Not Macbeth's witches could have made a hash
 More poisonous than the venom, which embues
 The works of many a noted British muse,
 The "witty, dirty, patriotic Dean,"
 The kennels rak'd for similes unclean.
 Much of the mirth of Prior's comic Muse
 Seems calculated only for the stews.
 Keen are his jests, tales laughable, but then,
 Such tainted viands, season'd with cayenne,
 Though food in which wild libertines delight
 Can only suit a bestial appetite.
 The mightiest masters of the British lyre,
 Too oft have tamper'd with unhallow'd fire.
 E'en Pope and Dryden, High Priests of the Nine,
 Have bow'd to Baal, and sacrific'd to swine,
 And literary scavengers think fit
 To rake the kennels for each scrap of wit,(32)
 To which some loose and giddy hour gave birth,

To furnish food for Bacchanalian mirth.
 Productions vile, whose origin we trace
 To want of cash and greater want of grace,
 Are thus brought forward with the highest claims—
 Beneath the sanction of the noblest names—
 Books manufactur'd of the grossest kind,
 Which should be letter'd, "poison for the mind"—
 And thus the authors' characters we blot
 By lines, which, living, they had wish'd forgot,
 And sentiments, which dying, conscience smitten,
 They would have given worlds they had not written.
 The lucid language and the dark designs
 Of Moore's delusive fascinating lines,
 Betray a much more deleterious drift,
 Than e'en the coarsest images of Swift,
 And, like the tales Monk-Lewis fabricated,
 Are more seductive, and more calculated
 For leading female innocence astray,
 Than grossest ribaldry of Rabelais.

There are editions of the British bards,
 Where decency has met its due regards,

With not a word or sentiment retain'd
 By which the soul of purity is pain'd,
 And I could wish that only such as those
 Might a young lady's library compose.(33)

Both sexes should in infancy be taught
 To read no book, to entertain no thought,
 Which, were they urg'd in publick to proclaim,
 The cheek would mantle with the flush of shame,
 Let them remember they can never fly
 An omnipresent and omniscient eye,
 No subterfuge, no secrecy imparts
 Exemption from the searcher of all hearts.
 But there exists a prudery of mind,
 A delicacy over much refin'd,
 A modesty, which every touch can wound
 Which shews its owner rather sore than sound,
 That fabrick, which the slightest breeze can shock,
 Is not a building founded on a rock.
 Whene'er a perspicacity absurd,
 Spies something wrong in every look and word,

Takes great offence, with no offence design'd,
The fault that's found is in the finder's mind.

Geography and history should afford,
Their treasures to your pupil's mental hoard,
Treasures which conversation may produce,
And conduct turn to some some substantial use---
Bid her adore the works of her creator,
As manifest in animated nature,
In rudiments of botany discern
Omniscient power, and all admiring turn,
With astronomic tube, God's works to trace
Through the high heaven's illimitable space,
Those boundless realms where countless planets roll,
And worlds on worlds form one stupendous whole.

Now introduce her to the sacred choir,
Of bards who sweep the consecrated lyre,
And bid her innocent infantile tongue
Repeat the strains of Milton, Watts and Young,
Which mortals teach the language of the skies,
And heav'n unfold to our enraptur'd eyes.

Teach her to prize beyond all Ophir's gold
 Truths which the bible only can unfold,
 Disclose those mysteries of a future state,
 Philosophy can ne'er investigate ;
 In reason's dawn that sacred light display,
 That emanation of eternal day,
 Which, lacking erst, the best of heathen were
 Children of darkness, pupils of despair.
 Let the young mind its earliest efforts bend
 To gain a heavenly, and Almighty Friend,
 Whose smile that beatific beam displays,
 Which makes the sunshine of our brightest days,
 And smooths the bed of languishment and pain,
 A sure support when earthly aid is vain.

Dress not religion in a garb of gloom
 The hopes of happiness beyond the tomb,
 This life's enjoyment never can decrease,
 For true religion's paths are paths of peace.

Epistolary writing should comprise
 Part of your pupil's mental exercise,

Which teaches thoughts in "proper words" to dress,
 Teaches to think as well as to express,
 And often opens where we least expect,
 What may be styl'd a mine of intellect.
 But too much time in composition, may
 If prematurely spent, be thrown away ;
 First let her gain materials fit for thought,
 For nought but nothing is produc'd from nought,
 The stale effusions of an empty head,
 Are not worth writing and will scarce be read,
 They make, whatever chance to be the theme,
 The vapid whimsies of a waking dream,
 The lawless offspring of imagination,
 Which soils the paper and the reputation,

By meet instruction labour to insure
 A style grammatical, and diction pure,
 Mark and avoid provincial words and phrases,(34)
 And shun those wildering metaphoric mazes,
 Which merely serve the meaning to obscure,
 And form a style inflated and impure.
 To skill in figures, plain book-keeping join,

And lead your pupil to Apollo's shrine,
 Not to adore the idle heathen God,
 Nor wait subservient on the Muses' nod,
 But merely as a holiday resort,
 To learn the language of the Delphic court.

A task in rhyming now and then, bestows
 A sort of happiness in writing prose,
 The poet, led to glance the language through,
 Before his proper epithet's in view,
 By due degrees insensibly is taught
 What forms of speech best decorate a thought.
 "Though few there are, who feel indeed the fire
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
 Can sweep the strings with such a power, so loud,
 The storm of music shakes th' astonish'd crowd,"*
 Most may themselves, amuse—perhaps their friends
 By measur'd lines, which gingle at their ends,
 Which though not quite to extacy refin'd,
 May serve to strengthen and improve the mind.

**Cowper.*

Some other callings only claim a place,
 Where liberal nature furnishes the base,
 Musicians, painters, look to her for aid,
 And like the poet must be "*born not made,*"
 Their arts essay'd with inauspicious stars,
 You daub the canvas, the piano jars.
 The portrait frowns, in lamentable tones,
 The fiddle screams, the violoncello groans,
 The voice presents as dissonant a note,
 As ever broke from boding screech owl's throat,
 Vengeance invoking on the violator
 Of the immutable decrees of nature.

In fit amusements let some time be spent,
 The bow is weaken'd that is ever bent,
 The pupil's health should be the teacher's care,
 Light food, due exercise, salubrious air,
 Are means by which those blessings are combin'd,
 A healthy body and a vigorous mind.

Too oft a powerful intellect is spoil'd,
 By rash attempts to make a learned child,

Precocious talents, urg'd to their display,
 Will " o'er inform this tenement of clay,"
 And tend at length to premature decay.
 Weakness of body must at length be join'd,
 By corresponding feebleness of mind.
 Since the most precious hordes of mental wealth,
 Furnish no recompense for loss of health,
 The robust blockhead's happier, past a doubt,
 Than Bayles or Bentleys tortur'd with the gout.(35)

Let no example of a looser kind
 Impart contagion to a youthful mind.
 Children are censors, critical and shrewd,
 By whom our conduct is minutely view'd,
 They mark each action, treasure every word,
 And what is wicked, whimsical, absurd,
 Makes an impression which too late you find,
 Deeply indented on the youthful mind.

Example is the most effective mode,
 By which the pearls of wisdom are bestow'd,

And 'twill be vain, with seraph-tongue to teach,
Unless you practice principles you teach.

Hold forth as models worthy imitation,
Illustrious females of each age and nation,
If blest with genius teach her mind to soar,
To vie with Edgworth, Burney, Adams, More,
A poet's fancy, you may bid it glow,
Kindled to rapture at the shrine of Rowe.
But if their talents are denied by fate,
Their virtues surely she may emulate.

Let the associates of her early youth
Be known for virtue, modesty, and truth,
And no pert belles, nor misses over-smart,
Corrupt her morals, and deprave her heart,
Domestics choose, if possible, alone
From those whose characters are fully known ;
Whose converse and examples may impart,
Nought which can soil that purity of heart,
Which once destroy'd, adieu to every grace,
Wit, wealth, and science cannot fill its place,

And all the Cyprian goddess can confer,
 Is but the painting of the sepulchre.
 In reason's dawning, teach her to despise
 The shuffling wile, and subterfuge of lies,
 And let confession commonly atone,
 For faults to which her infancy is prone,
 Unless you find that malice in th' intent,
 Which calls imperiously for punishment.

However high the station of the fair,
 However promising her prospects are,
 Still let it be your study to impart,
 A knowledge of each necessary art,
 By which she may, should adverse fortune lower,
 Defy gaunt poverty's distressing power,
 She should be taught, betimes to overlook,
 With skilful eye the dairy maid and cook,
 And every duty, care, and occupation,
 That is incumbent on a house-wife's station—
 What time, and toil, and method it would ask
 To properly complete each household task—
 Should know, while tracing her domestic round,

What servants worthy, and what worthless found,
 Industrious, indolent, or indiscreet,
 Her censure, merit, or applause should meet.

Still let some faithful monitorial eye,
 As far as possible be ever nigh,
 To watch your pupil's every sportive hour,
 And counteract each subtle tempter's power.
 If children may, the moment out of school
 Throw off restraints of discipline and rule,
 Escap'd their parents, and their teacher's view,
 Join with some thoughtless and abandon'd crew,
 'Tis to be fear'd your efforts will be vain,
 To find an antidote to such a bane,
 Nor can the hours, devoted to instruction,
 Obliterate the stains of their seduction.

But while the rising generation are
 Objects of tender, and judicious care
 From such attentions cautiously refrain
 As serve to make them volatile and vain,
 Full many a garrulous and giddy child

Fond flattering fools have sedulously spoil'd,
 And turn'd them o'er to vanity's dominion,
 Great personages in their own opinion,
 Whose talents give a licence to dispense,
 With prudence, decency and common sense—
 Lead them to count economy a hoax,
 A sordid virtue made for vulgar folks,
 While they, forsooth, to that high class belong,
 Who claim a patent *right* for doing *wrong*.
 Thus great displays of genius oft portend
 A wretched life, and sad untimely end.

Some spend their days in one perpetual pet,
 It seems their maxim, "man was made to fret,"
 But finding fault with accidents and trifles,
 All claims to reverence and affection stifles.

'Tis to be wish'd that Misses might escape
 From being press'd and pinion'd into shape,
 Like wax-work models moulded so precise,
 That every limb seems fasten'd in a vice,
 While every feature of their *made up faces*,

Shews affectation mimicking the graces,
 And every look coerc'd by awkward art,
Puts on expressions foreign from the heart.
 'Tis hop'd indeed that simple nature may,
 In simple matters sometimes have her way,
 But then 'tis fear'd this never will take place
 With what is call'd your fashionable race ;
 And parents, will, humanity is such,
 Govern too little, or restrain too much.
 Fools will be simpletons, when all is said,
 And brains be lacking in an empty head,
 Your fashion-mongers therefore will go on,
 To torture tippies, destin'd for the ton,
 Inflict more pain than savages would bribe,
 To make them leaders of an Indian tribe.(36)

NARCISSE.

In your capacity of Ladies' Friend,
 Pray what amusements would you recommend,
 And with official dignity declare,
 The fittest pastimes for the youthful fair ?

MENTOR.

In all diversions carefully unite
Pleasure with profit, learning with delight,
And when the mind is suffer'd to unbend,
Still let instruction with amusement blend.
The ingenious teacher, doubtless may devise
Some pleasing labour, useful exercise,
In which th' essential requisites are join'd,
Which brace the body and improve the mind.(37)

Dancing, perhaps, with proper regulations,
May find a place among your recreations,
Though genteel people doubtless may be found,
Who ne'er were taught to tread the mazy round,
A ball-room seems the fittest of all places,
For exhibitions of the loves and graces—
The vestibule which leads to Hymen's fane,
Where blameless beauty's fascinating train,
Those ties may twine, which bind our hearts & hands
In holy wedlock's consecrated bands.
In dancing too, perhaps with Fancy's aid,
I've ever seen much character display'd ;

Each child of mirth, who trips fantastic rounds,
 In due accordance with harmonic sounds,
 To me appears to give an exhibition,
 By which the temper, views, and disposition,
 And cast of mind are more precisely shewn,
 Than by the rules, Lavater has made known,
 Thus Homer's beauty *look'd* indeed the *queen*,
 But by her *movements* was the *goddess* seen.

Dancing, 'tis said, may lead to dissipation,
 The bosom fire with dangerous emulation,
 Passions excite, like those which were display'd,
 By rival goddesses in Ida's shade—
 That such preposterous, profitless parading,
 Tends to connexions dangerous, and degrading—
 That ladies oft, their graces to display,
 Have rigadoon'd their hands and hearts away.
 To men of minuets, congees, jigs and reels,
 Whose mind's head-quarters seem to be their heels.
 That witching waltzes, with a wanton whirl,
 The prudence prostrate of a giddy girl,
 And give to passion such resistless force

That honour's but a feather in its course—
 That scarce the sword, which guarded Eden's wall,
 Such freedoms granted, could prevent her fall :
 True every talent, grace, accomplishment,
 May be perverted to a base intent,
 Wit, wealth and beauty lead to many a snare,
 Yet who would not be witty, wealthy, fair ?(38)

Though dancing is by some esteem'd a crime,
 In every nation, and in every clime,
 It has been practis'd since the world began,
 And has the sanction of the wisest man.

But vanity oft prematurely calls,
 Her titman-votaries to your *baby-balls*,
 Where tiny belles, and Lilliputian beaux,
 Like wooden images at puppet shows,
 Strut round the hall with counterfeit gentility,
 And port sublime as Brobdignag nobility :
 Little the pigmies, or their parents think,
 While sporting thus on dissipation's brink,
 That hot bed flowers of premature display,

Are always sickly, always soon decay ;
 That such untimely junketing, in truth
 Will prove a canker in the bud of youth,
 And sad experience shew, in riper years,
 Seeds sown in revelry are reap'd in tears.(39)

Cards we allow are not without their uses,
 Though liable to infinite abuses,
 In gamblers' hands are plagues of worse description
 Than those which curs'd the obstinate Egyptian.
 The tempting toys, the tiny thieves of time,
 Merit queen Margaret's menaces sublime,(40)
 In every pack I see, or seem to see
 A mickle magazine of misery—
 A poison'd fountain, whence incessant flow
 The streams of want, of wickedness and wo:
 Of all the arts, by pleasure's imps design'd,
 T' amuse an indolent and vacant mind,
 None vie with cards in ruinous control,
 Fatal alike to body and to soul.
 At one "fell swoop," they oft annihilate
 Time, talents, reputation, health, estate ;

Wives, children, friends—all that in life is priz'd,
 And life itself to cards are sacrific'd ;
 Although their votaries suffer pain severe,
 Stretch'd on the rack of hope, suspense, and fear,
 Round hazard's shrine, how eagerly they press,
 To woo misfortune, and to court distress !
 Conscious, amid the dreadful risks they run,
 They must undo, or they must be undone,
 Each wears the visage of a sans culotte,
 Holding a dagger to his neighbour's throat !
 Each breast becomes the seat of passions dire,
 Like those, which doom their victims to the fire,
 When savages infernal offerings make,
 Of captives writhing round a burning stake.

NARCISSA.

But cards may serve some purpose to amuse,
 When not devoted to the gambler's views,
 And one must learn to shuffle, cut and deal,
 Or be accounted monstrous ungentle.

MENTOR.

But here again as murderers of time,
 The culprits stand pre-eminent in crime.
 Whoso, by satan's counsel and assistance,
 Robs me of time, deprives me of existence,
 ('Tis plain as proof from holy writ to me,)
 And is a murderer in the first degree.
 Cards then as truly act the felon's part,
 As if they pierc'd their victims through the heart,
 And each malicious maculated elf
 Has *kill'd off* more than Buonaparte himself.

Scarce less malignity the imps disclose,
 As female beauty's most inveterate foes,
 Nature in vain, may lavish gifts and graces,
 To finest figures add the fairest faces,
 If gambling vigils are allow'd to blight,
 And sink the seraph to the fiend and fright.

'Tis said indeed among Columbian fair,
 A lady-gambler is extremely rare,
 Yet our prescription may perhaps insure

Against a malady so hard to cure.
 Then lest our dashing belles should ape the style
 Of Fashion's devotees in Britain's isle,
 We now proceed to publish our decree,
 Binding on all of high or low degree;
 Cards from henceforth, in due abhorrence held
 From genteel circles are hereby expell'd;
 But then their use is graciously allow'd
 To rich or poor, who form the vulgar crowd,
 Whose want of taste and emptiness of mind,
 Forbid them pastimes of a nobler kind—
 Thieves, tavern-haunters, bullies, prostitutes,
 (To keep such gentry out of worse pursuits):
 The juggling showman, and the idle rover,
 The swaggering tar that's more than half-seas over,
 In taking dissipation's last degrees,
 May play at cut-throat, when and where they please:
 Decay'd coquettes, old rakes confin'd with gout,
 Who can't well bear the load of life without,
 Are granted cards, or some such kind of fooling,
 To cheat the time with, while their gruel's cooling.

NARCISSE.

'Tis hop'd, dread sir, that your reforming rage,
 May be induc'd to tolerate the stage,
 And that your pupils, having learn'd to darn well,
 May sometimes grace the tragedy of Barnwell.
 You would not hide the intellectual rays,
 Which emanate from some of Shakespeare's plays,
 Nor place a rough, exterminating hand
 On those of Addison and Cumberland,
 And other play-wrights, some of whom I'm sure
 In style sublimely, elegant and pure,
 Inculcate lessons of a moral kind;
 T' instruct, amuse and elevate the mind.
 If so, your zeal, so over orthodox,
 Might rank you with the worshipful John Knox,
 Who thought a picture wickeder by half,
 Than Achan's thing accurs'd, or Aaron's calf.

MENTOR.

Of all amusements, in an age like ours,
 None boast of stronger fascinating powers,
 Or have more influence on the public mind,

Than those which hold the mirror to mankind—
 Give Panoramic views of human nature,
 As drawn by some expert delineator,
 But oft the hair-brain'd histrionic muse,
 Gives vice those gaudy and alluring hues,
 Whose splendor dazzles only to betray,
 And lead admiring innocence astray—
 Atrocious ends by more atrocious means,
 Exhibited in bold voluptuous scenes,
 Destroy the moral sense, the soul-embute,
 And form full many a *mental* prostitute,
 Where honour's barriers may as yet prevail,
 The fair to guard within decorum's pale.
 When pimps of passion make it all their aim,
 To stimulate desire and stifle shame,
 Their pupils fall, for what is there to hinder,
 Since any spark can fire a bit of tinder?
 Temptation adequate to such a case,
 Is never wanting to complete disgrace,
 And many a wretch, in wickedness that grovels,
 Destruction drew from theatres and novels.
 The theatre, however, may be made

A school of morals, virtue's fairest aid,
 And should that happen we will not refuse
 Our acclamations to the scenic muse.

NARCESSA.

Novels, no doubt, to meet your worship's aims,
En masse must be devoted to the flames.

MENTOR.

In spite of all that moralists have said,
 Novels have always, always will be read,
 And always may, with my assenting voice,
 At proper times, and with a proper choice,
 Tales, fables, jest-books, anecdotes, romances,
 With Milton's *Comus*, Shakspeare's fairy-fancies,
 And apologues, where truth is veil'd in fiction,
 May be permitted under due restriction ;
 But these, and other writings of the kind,
 Are merely tarts and sweet-meats of the mind,
 Requiring caution, lest in time they should
 Be substitutes for more substantial food,
 And all that is not vicious, vain, or light

Should pall upon the mental appetite—
 The odd adventures, strange, romantic scenes,
 Miraculous ends, by more miraculous means,
 Bustle and bluster, incident, intrigue,
 Man's noblest attributes, join'd in a league
 With all that's vengeful, venomous and vile,
 Sketch'd in gaudy, meretricious style,
 Of sounding periphrases, sans pretence,
 To perspicuity or common sense,
 Which modern novels commonly embrace,
 Where nought correct or natural has a place,
 Have given the reading world a worthless waste,
 To taint its morals, and corrupt its taste.

Some novel-writers take especial pride,
 In painting human nature's darkest side ;
 They gloss with colours, delicate, and nice,
 The horrid features of the monster, vice,
 And give the hag such artificial charms,
 As serve to lure th' unwary to her arms—
 They place a halo round the devil's head,
 And hide the cloven foot which mortals dread.

Shed o'er the fiend a counterfeited grace,
 Then lead their readers to his dire embrace.
 This class of writers with pernicious aim,
 Give crime the sanction of some specious name,
 The duellist they place in honour's van,
 The vile seducer is a gallant man,
 A man of honour too, beyond compare,
 Have little falsehoods to deceive the fair ;
 Which, say these writers, few consider blots
 On young men's characters, but rather spots,
 Somewhat like those, which fashion sometimes places
 By way of ornament on pretty faces—
 That, petty treacheries, and puny lies,
 Your men of gallantry and fashion prize,
 As merely things of course, which are
 To be employ'd in every love affair ;
 Scarce worthy reprehension, though they doom
 Confiding beauty to an early tomb,
 And stigmatize, with undeserv'd disgrace,
 The innocent survivors of her race !
 Such is the burthen of full many a tale,
 Form'd on your modern fashionable scale,

Couch'd in a style that either struts or grovels,
 Thro' more than nine tenths of our common novels.
 Such things, the scandal of the British press,
 Our yankey chapmen always buy *by guess*,
 Because forsooth, your London literature
 Must be instructive, elegant, and pure—
 Because, Americans, we've all agreed in,
 Have never written what was worth a reading !
 So very villanous such writings are,
 That one is almost tempted to declare,
 Had certain novels, common nowadays,
 Shar'd with their authors in a common blaze,
 Ere 'twas presum'd their trash to circulate,
 Humanity would scarce lament their fate,
 And justice would pronounce their doom design'd
 To be an act of mercy to mankind.
 But there are novels of another class
 Which form exceptions to the general mass,
 By whose perusal we at once may see,
 Both what man is, and what he ought to be,
 Where pleasing means pursue an upright end,
 Which may our manners, and our morals mend.

Penmen inspir'd have oftentimes seen fit
 To give us novels-e'en in holy writ;
 The apologue of Job appears design'd
 To be a novel of the sacred kind,
 And in th' Evangelists are novels found,
 Which in the shape of parables abound.(41)

NARCISSE.

By shrewd observers, I have heard it said,
 Learning should never pose a woman's head,
 (Which if 'tis handsome, is not much the worse,
 For being empty as a poet's purse,)
 Whose wealth and beauty sanction higher aims,
 Than those of village-school instructing dames—
 Nature, they say, the sterner sex design'd,
 Th' exclusive empire over realms of mind,
 And ladies by their literary flights,
 Invade your province, and usurp your rights,
 Knowledge, to us, is fruit which is forbidden,
 As absolutely as it was in Eden ;
 Of course all books are useless to the fair,
 Saving the bible and the book of prayer—

That many a fair experiment has shewn,
 That we had best let literature alone—
 That ladies listed in the Muses' train,
 Have ever prov'd insufferably vain,
 And are in fact but little better than
 The silly thing you style a lady's man—
 That none should dare fleet Pegasus to ride,
 But those who manfully can set astride,
 And drive him with the majesty and sleight,
 Of Phœbus managing his steeds of light.

Books too, they tell us cause an awkward air,
 And give the countenance a cast of care,
 Which frightens suitors, most of whom we find,
 Dread every symptom of superior mind,
 A gallant of the fashionable cut,
 Fears to become of ridicule the butt,
 If he should wed a literary wife,
 More than his match in intellectual strife,
 And trembles lest, perchance, her mental store,
 By contrast shew his emptiness the more—
 That learning proves an injury beside,

By giving rise to that pedantic pride,
 Which is so oft disgustingly display'd
 In pompous phrases quoted for parade,
 Words, which although sonorous and sublime,
 Yet us'd without regard to place or time,
 To men of science and of sense appear,
 Like jewels pendant from an Æthiop's ear.

They say a miss had better learn the arts
 Of making puddings, pickles, pies and tarts,
 Than store her intellects with useless knowledge,
 The musty lore and lumber of a college—
 In short a female's learning is complete,
 When she can guess and spell a cook's receipt.

MENTOR.

The best of gifts, we know may be abus'd;
 The light of heaven is frequently misus'd,
 And sight the noblest of our senses may,
 Through optical illusions lead astray ;
 Eyes are too useful, ne'ertheless, no doubt,
 For sound philosophy to pluck them out,

And 'twould be bold impiety to say—
 Blot out the sun, exterminate the day,
 And every "lesser light" that ever glow'd,
 To light the thief or robber on his road.
 And that harsh doctrine is as far from right,
 Which robs one half our race of mental light,
 For fear some partially pernicious thing,
 From universal benefit should spring.
 Sure then your sex may spend their leisure hours,
 In cultivating intellectual flowers,
 Which in full of bloom and fragrance will remain,
 When youth is fled and beauty in its wane.

A woman may in literature delight,
 And not become a slattern or a fright,
 Few in this land of liberty are found,
 Condemn'd to toil in such unceasing round,
 But books may save from suffering more or less,
 "The pains and penalties of idleness,"
 Learning, tis said, in woman is allied
 With arrant airs of pedantry and pride,
 But let it be as common as the air,

Let all the sex its privileges share,
 In other words let all have educations
 Adapted to their geniuses and stations,
 And sure no individual will be proud,
 Of what she holds joint tenant with the crowd.
 One might possess of cash as great a store,
 As care-worn miser ever counted o'er,
 And not be telling it one half his time,
 Nor treat his friends forever with its chime ;
 And past a doubt a well-read lady may
 Not keep her learning merely for display,
 Nor urg'd by female vanity, disclose
 To every body every thing she knows ;
 Nay, if she's gifted with a grain of sense,
 She'll shew no learning where it gives offence,
 Her mental store will sedulously hide,
 When e'er its exhibition looks like pride—
 Will not talk latin to a petit maitre,
 Unless she means the simpleton should hate her,
 But if the dread of her superior mind
 Should frighten suitors of the coxcomb-kind,
 That happy circumstance may save the trouble

Of being tantaliz'd by many a bubble,
 And useful prove, in dealing with the creatures,
 As nets of gauze for keeping off musketoes.

Like seeks its likeness, block-heads marry fools,
 (For that I take it's one of Hymen's rules.)
 Let silly fops their gallantry address
 To nymphs, (if possible) who know still less,
 For if a flirt should wed a lady's man,
 They may be happy as such creatures can,
 But sure no pair can happiness expect
 Where there's no parity of intellect.

If woman's power of mind should be applied
 To useful subjects, and to dignified,
 Not thrown away on objects light and vain,
 The foolish whims of fashion's giddy train,
 The chances for improvement must be greater
 In arts which meliorate our common nature.
 Give woman knowledge, and the frivolous race
 Of fops would meet with merited disgrace,
 Give woman science, mole-eyed ignorance then.

Must consort with the savage in his den,
 Pert macaronies find their race is run,
 And plants of genius thrive in beauty's sun.(42)

Books give a social intercourse with sages,
 Who have adorn'd all nations and all ages,
 Confer the power without a sail unfurl'd,
 To pass with Cook or Anson round the world,
 O'er Afric's sands to wend no weary way,
 View the wreck'd ship, nor feel the ocean's spray,
 Attend the poet's most adventurous flight,
 Unwind with Newton filaments of light ;
 Aided by books we "we mount where science guides
 To measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides,
 Survey the world, behold the chain of love,
 Combining all below with all above,"
 And trace the path, by saints and sages trod,
 Which leads "through nature up to nature's God."

Sure that decree can merit no regard,
 By which the fairer sex would be debarr'd,
 Such blameless luxuries of literature,

Pleasures so elegant, delights so pure.
So profitable and scarce less intense,
Than those most exquisite of common sense—
Pleasures by which a prelibation's given,
Of unalloy'd felicity in heaven.

But see the Sun his parting lustre sheds,
And night her mantle o'er the landscape spreads ;
Let us through verdant labyrinths retrace
The paths which lead to this delightful place,
Lest our companions should believe us strays,
Lost in the windings of the woodland maze.



NOTES.

NOTE 1. PAGE 15.

VOLNEY, a famous French writer, thought it very practicable to form a theory of winds, by which atmospherical currents could be prognosticated by philosophers, with as much precision, as the times of high and low water, by Almanack-makers. Dr. Darwin seems likewise to have embraced similar ideas, which are alluded to by the author of the "*Pursuits of Literature*," who says that he

"Could give with Darwin, to the hectic kind,
Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind,"

and observes that " Dr. Darwin, as appears by a long and pleasant note, in his " Loves of the Plants," thinks it very feasible to manage the winds at *his* pleasure by a little philosophy."

NOTE 2. Page 19.

Ledyard was an American by birth and made himself eminent by his travels in wild and inhospitable countries. Although his " Eulogy on Woman" has been frequently published, perhaps, it ought not to be omitted in a work devoted principally to the service of the sex.

"I have always remarked that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender and humane ; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest ; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, nor supercilious, they are all full of courtesy, and fond of society ; more liable in general to err than men, but generally more virtuous, and performing more meritorious actions. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never ad-

dressed myself in the language of decorum and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly answer—with men it has been otherwise.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, and rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spreading regions of the wandering Tartars—if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have been universally friendly to me : and this virtue so worthy the appellation of benevolence—these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I eat the coarsest morsel with a double relish.”

NOTE 3. PAGE 19.

It would transcend the limits of this work, to mention many particular instances of the successful exertions of French women, to allay the ferocity of the savages, who were the principal actors in the horrid scenes of the French revolution. They abound in every history of that period, and were

most honourably conspicuous in the civil wars of La Vendee. I cannot, however, omit one instance which proves that the most flinty and ferocious bosoms are not always callous to the appeals of humanity, when urged by a female advocate.

"Among the small number of prisoners who were saved from the swords of the assassins, on the bloody second of September 1792, was M. Camotte, a man of seventy four years of age, formerly Commissioner-General of the Marine, but who had for several years lived in retirement at his village near Epernay.

"This old gentleman had been arrested at his house in the country, and brought to the prison of the Abbaye, in consequence of letters written by him and found among the papers of a M. Pouteau, Secretary to M. de la Porte ; from which it appeared that he was in correspondence with the emigrants : that he advised the king to escape from Paris, and had transmitted a plan for that purpose ; that he had also advised the dissolution of the National Assembly : for these, and other parts of his

conduct, to the same tendency, he was detained in the Abbaye, in expectation of a legal trial

“ But on the second of September, when determined murderers made a mockery of the forms of law, and chosen assassins seized the sword of Justice ; when the prisoner was surrounded at his trial by pikes smoking from recent slaughter, and with-in hearing of the screams of those who had just been dragged from the bar where he stood : on that dreadful day, M. Cazotte was brought before the horrid tribunal within the prison. Several prisoners had already been carried there—none had survived their short examination above two minutes ! A sign from the pretended Judge, or an equivocal word, was the fatal sentence, and the blow of death followed as the prisoner was led from the bar.

“ When M. Cazotte appeared—the list of names were examined by these inquisitors, no mark of favour was seen at his—the signal of death was given, and he was led out to slaughter ! But, before he received the stroke of death, his daughter, a beautiful young lady of seventeen, sprung upon her father

er's neck, exclaiming in a transport of terror and filial affection, Mercy ! mercy ! O, mercy !—my father ! my father !

“ The grey hairs of the old man, the affecting appearance and exclamations of the young lady, arrested the arms of the assassins and melted the hearts of the people ! The cries of grace ! grace ! and Vive la Nation were heard. The old gentleman and his daughter were conducted in safety to the house of a friend, amidst the applause of the multitude !

“ This admirable young woman had never separated from her father, overcoming her horror for a prison crowded with men ; surmounting her terror, her delicacy, and every consideration which could render the situation repugnant to her mind : filial love, and a strong sense of duty, enabled her to attend him during his confinement in the Abbaye, and to administer every comfort and consolation in her power.

NOTE 4. PAGE 19.

The defence of Saragossa, a city in Spain, against the French invaders, was one of the most desperate recorded history. The women signalized themselves in a most remarkable manner, and many of them were killed upon the ramparts, while exhibiting glorious proofs of active valour, and daring patriotism.

NOTE 5. PAGE 20.

In a war between the Romans and the Sabines, the wives of the former, who were of Sabine origin and had been carried away by force from a public festival, intervened between the combatants and by their tears and entreaties persuaded the two hostile nations to unite and become one people.

NOTE 6. PAGE 21.

Coriolanus, a noble Roman having been banished by his countrymen, was bent upon revenge and joining with Volsci, who were enemies of the Romans, took many of their towns and encamped within

five miles of the city of Rome itself. The people now saw their error, and a deputation being sent to treat with him, he received them with haughtiness and refused to give them any hopes of a reconciliation. To a second and third message of the same kind he shewed himself inexorable. At length his mother, wife and children came out to plead their country's cause. To their entreaties he at length yielded. Raising his venerable parent from the ground, he exclaimed, "You have saved Rome, my mother, but you have destroyed your son." He returned to his tent, and soon after took measures for a retreat.

NOTE 7. PAGE 22.

Bear with me then, if lawful, what I ask,
 Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how their love,
 Express they—by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate truth?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none,
 Of membrane, joint or limb, exclusive bars :
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure,
 Desiring; no restrained conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh or soul with soul.

Paradise Lost

NOTE 8. PAGE 23.

Helen, a beautiful and accomplished woman, was the cause of a war between Greece and Troy or Ilion, which terminated in the destruction of the latter. Thais, a courtesan, during a debauch, instigated Alexander the Great to set fire to Persepolis, a city in Persia.

NOTE 9. PAGE 23.

In the midst of the famous battle of Actium, between Antony and Octavius, Cleopatra, queen of

Egypt, mistress to Antony fled, and her gallant had the weakness to follow her. He thus overwhelmed his character with perpetual ignominy, and lost his chance for the Empire of the world, which depended on the issue of the combat.

NOTE 10. PAGE 26.

*For like the angels, laps'd from native skies,
Woman once fal'n again can never rise,
Her only solace must be found in heaven,
On earth her fault will never be forgiven.*

“But, it may be asked, will not penitence rescind the severe interdict which bars the doors of society against female frailty? Most unquestionably, so far as friendship or kindred are concerned. A very able instructress,† of our sex has determined, that true penitence will not wish to exceed those bounds, or to mix in the crowded haunts of public life. Nor let a decision be censured for severity, which is really the dictate of mercy, sanctioned by

†See Mrs. More's Essays, and Strictures on Education.

a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and proceeding from lively sympathy for those who, though no longer *offending* continue to be *unfortunate*. When the soul is really awakened to a sense of its backslidings, when it feels the reproofs of conscience and the shame of contrition, it will naturally shrink from returning to those scenes which it knows are dangerous to reputation and peace. Convinced of her own weakness, afraid to trust her scarcely confirmed resolutions, and concluding by the publicity of her story, that all who see her will look upon her with contempt, reproach or pity, the true Magdalene wishes alike to avoid the hazard of falling into new transgressions and the contumely attending the past. She is deafer than an adder to the syren strains of adulation : she knows too well the "ills that spring from beauty ;" splendor has lost its attractions ; she cannot derive amusements from crowds, because she can no longer mingle in them without feeling a sense of degradation. She considers too, that if she should again aspire to fashionable celebrity, her's would

be an uphill task ; every eye would be fixed upon her conduct ; every tongue inclined to question the sincerity of her profession ; what would be thought mere vivacity in unsuspected innocence, would in her be levity ; and marked reserve would be construed into a prudish vizard thrown over the worst designs. Her whispers would be supposed to convey assignations, her reproofs would be called the splenetic dictates of jealousy. Besides, can she who has so weighty a task to perform afford to trifle away the important hours ? Turn thee, backsliding daughter, turn to the cool sequestered vale of life, and thy troubled day may yet have a happy close. Rational amusement, renovated esteem, friendship, contentment, tranquillity, and religious hope, may still be all thine own.

* It is not, therefore, the harsh decree of *outrageous* virtue, but the mild counsels of kindness and sympathy, that determines the preservation of these distinctions which custom has long preserved between unsuspected and forfeited characters. And if those in whose favour these barriers might

be broken down with safety, are too well convinced of their expedience to require their abolition, let us determine to defend the privileges of innocence from the pertinacious attacks of impudence and hardened depravity. The increasing facility of intercourse between the most profligate and the most irreproachable women, which is a marked and peculiar feature of these times, threatens more than our manners. The transition is very easy, and generally very rapid from unrestrained freedom of behaviour to unrestrained freedom of conduct ; and especially when the mind has not been deeply imbued with religious truths, in which case the opinion of the world forms one of the strongest bulwarks of virtue. Banishment from parties of high ton, and estrangement from amusements, which every one talks of have often intimidated the wavering fair one, and imposed a guarded decorum of manner on the determined wanton. Let us not then, when the cardinal virtue of our sex is assaulted by unusual perils, resign one of its most material outworks." *Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady.*

NOTE 11. PAGE 39.

——— *Like Pope's aerial fencibles.*

" Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky ;
These, though unseen are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring."

Rape of the Lock.

NOTE 12. PAGE 33.

Trophonius was an eminent Soothsayer, who is said to have dwelt in a cave, into which if any person entered, they would never afterwards feel an inclination to laugh.

NOTE 13. PAGE 35.

I'd sooner wed a legendary ghost.

Narcissa here alludes to a tale of terror, told in rhyme, by one of the late British bards, respecting a certain prince, who at a certain time wedded a beautiful lady. By an awkward accident however, the wedding ring was placed on the finger of a statue of a dead goddess, whose ghost, of course, had a le-

gitimate claim upon the prince, and on the night of the wedding day, took the liberty to obtrude itself between the bride and bridegroom, to the unspeakable terror and discomfiture of terrestrial part of the concern. This hobgoblin story is done into poetry, I believe, by Mr. Lewis, author of the "Monk," a novel, which is infinitely terrific, and (to some folks) not less agreeable.

NOTE 14. PAGE 37.

*Men I have known of knowledge most profound,
For polish'd manners scarcely less renown'd.*

It might have the appearance of flattery to name living individuals to whom the above lines would be applicable, We shall therefore mention Sir WILLIAM JONES, whose literary acquisitions and dignity of character, are thus alluded to by the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*.

"He too, whom Indies and the Ganges mourn,
The glory of their banks from Isis torn,
In learning's strength is fled, in Judgment's prime,

In science temperate, various, and sublime.
 To him familiar every legal doom.
 The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
 Or Hindoo vidas taught ; for him the Muse
 Distill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dew ;
 Firm, when exalted ; in demeanour grave,
 Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save."

That Sir WILLIAM JONES was little less a favourite of the Graces than the Muses appears from his biography by Lord Teignmouth ; and, in Mrs. Piozzi's *Advice to a New Married Man*, is the following passage which proves that a man or woman of letters, in Great Britain, is treated with that attention and deference which are not always accorded to wealth or nobility, and that Sir WILLIAM JONES held a high station in the circles of fashion as well as in those of literature.

"The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to Lady Edgcumbe, and the

gay dunces sits pining for a partner, while *Jones the Orientalist leads up the ball.*"

NOTE 16. PAGE 41.

And he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands.

I. *Samuel* 21. xiii.

NOTE 17. PAGE 52.

The *Vestales Virgines*, vestal virgins, of Rome, were women, devoted to the service of the goddess Vesta. They made a vow of perpetual chastity, and if they were guilty of its violation were buried alive.

NOTE 18. PAGE 58.

The vagaries of Miss Wolstonecroft are, thus inadvertently upon by a lady whose writings may be exhibited among other irrefragable proof, that nature has not disqualified the female sex from becoming eminently useful to the community, in the most arduous and honourable pursuits of literature.

“ An eccentric wrtter, who thought audacity a proof of genius, and mistook insubordination for independence and greatness of soul, seemed to suppose that the professions of a lawyer, a physician, and a merchant were no ways incompatible with women. Little ingenuity is necessary to disprove a theory, which puzzled for an hour, and sunk into oblivion, overwhelmed by the weight of its own absurdity, till it was fished up again by some second-hand dealers in paradox and innovation. That we can neither gain happiness or advantage, from renouncing the habits, which nature communicated and custom has ratified, is evident, by considering the qualities for which we have been most valued. and how far they would amalgamate with an alteration in our relative situation. Could modesty endure the stare of public attention ; could meekness preserve her olive wand unbroken amid the noisy contention of the bar ; could delicacy escape uninjured through the initiatory studies of medicine ; could cautious discretion venture upon those hazardous experiments, which private as well as pub-

lic utility often require ; could melting compassion
 be the proper agent of impartial justice ; or could
 gentleness dictate those severe but wholesome res-
 traints, which often preserve a nation from ruin ?
 Though I am inclined to think highly of my own
 sex, I confess that I can see nothing in this scheme
 of an Amazonian Republic, which is not in the high-
 est degree ridiculous and laughable. My conviction
 that we should make wretched generals, patriots,
 politicians, legislators and advocates, proceeds
 from my having never yet seen a private family
 well conducted that has been subjected to female
 usurpation. Notwithstanding any degree of science
 or talent which may have illuminated the fair vice-
 gerent, the awkward situation of the *good man* in
 the *corner* has always excited risibility, and awak-
 ened such prying scrutiny into interior arrange-
 ments, as has never failed to discover " something
 rotten in the state of Denmark." It is not only the
 temperament of our virtues, which indicate the
 necessity of our being shielded from the broad
 glare of observation ; there is, generally speaking,

(and Providence acts by general rules, both in the natural and moral world) too much impetuosity of feeling, quickness of determination, and locality of observation in women, to enable us to discharge public trusts, or extensive duties with propriety. The warmth of our hearts overpowers the ductility of our judgments; and in our extreme desire to act *very* right, we want forbearance and accommodation, which makes our best designs often terminate exactly opposite to what we proposed. The qualities that we possess are admirably fitted to enable us to perform a second part in life's concert; but when we attempt to lead the band, our soft notes become scranell and discordant, by being strained beyond their pitch; and our tremulous melodies cause disgusting dissonance, if they attempt to overpower the grand full tones of manly harmony, instead of agreeably filling up its pauses."

Mrs. West.

NOTE 19. PAGE 61

"In the Brazils," says a writer whose name I can not now recollect, "the females are obliged to fol-

low their husbands to war, to supply the place of beasts of burthen, and to carry on their backs their children, provisions, hammocks, and every thing wanted in the field.

“ In the isthmus of Darien, they are sent along with warriors and travellers as we do baggage horses. Even their queen appeared before some English gentlemen, carrying her sucking child wrapt up in a red blanket.

“ The women among the Indians of America, were, what the Helotes were, among the Spartans, a vanquished people obliged to toil for their conquerors. Hence, on the banks of the Oronoko, we have heard of mothers slaying their daughters out of compassion, and smothering them in the hour of their birth. They consider this barbarous pity as a virtue.

“ Father Joseph Gumella, reproving one of them for this inhuman crime, received the following answer. “ I wish to God, Father, I wish to God that my mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold distresses that I have endured, and have yet to

endure as long as I live. Had she kindly stifled me in my birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor the numberless other pains to which life has subjected me. Consider, Father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble themselves no father : we are dragged along with an infant at our breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden. We return with the burden of our children. Though tired with long walking, we are not allowed to sleep, but must labour the whole night, in grinding maize to make *chica* for them. They get drunk and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of our heads, and tread us under foot. What then have we to comfort us for a slavery, perhaps of twenty years ? A young wife is brought upon us and permitted to abuse us and our children. Can human nature endure such tyranny ? What kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of relieving them from such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death ? I repeat again, would to God

my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born."

"If the great outlines of this complaint be true, they fully evince the deplorable condition of savage women; and that they are probable, similar instances among barbarous nations will not permit us to doubt.

NOTE 20. PAGE 65.

It is asserted by Professor Robison, in his work upon illuminism, as well as by other writers, who have treated upon the French Revolution, that Madam Tallien, accompanied by other beautiful women, laying aside all modesty, came into the public theatre, and presented themselves to public view, with bared limbs, *a la Sauvage* as the alluring objects of desire.

See Robison's Proofs, &c. p. 197.

NOTE 21. PAGE 61.

"In the early part of the French monarchy, the ladies paid scarce any attention to dress. It

would appear that they thought of nothing more than pleasing their husbands, and giving a proper education to their children, and that the rest of their time was employed in family concerns, and rural economy. If their dress was subject to little change in those primitive times, we ought not to be astonished to see the fair sex indemnify themselves at present for their inaction. Their dress, however, has experienced the same revolutions as that of men. There was a time when their robes rose so high, that they absolutely covered the breast; but under Charles VI. Queen Isabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry as her beauty, brought back the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

“ Let us hear what *Juvenal des Ursins* says respecting the manner in which the women dressed their heads.

“ Both married and unmarried ladies were very extravagant in their dress, and wore caps wonderfully high and large, having two great ears at each


side, which were of such magnitude *that when they wished to enter a door it was impossible for them.*"

The reign of Charles the VII. brought back the use of earrings, bracelets, and collars. Some years before the death of that prince, the dress of the ladies was ridiculous in the highest degree. They wore robes so exceedingly long, that several yards of the train dragged behind; the sleeves were so wide that they swept the ground; and their heads were lost under immense bonnets, which were three-fourths of their breadth in height. To this ridiculous fashion another succeeded, which was not less so. The ladies placed a kind of cushion upon their heads, loaded with ornaments, which displayed the worst taste imaginable. The head dress was so large, that it was two yards in breadth. At that period it was *absolutely necessary to enlarge the doors of all the houses.*"

Sketches of the Fex, p. 209—10.

The belles of that period, however, could not claim an exclusive of right to the palm of extravagance. The beaux were scarcely less ridiculous

in their attire. "Figure to yourself," says a French writer, "a petit maitre, with his hair flat and bushy, dressed in a doublet, shaped like an under waistcoat, which scarcely covered his reins; his breeches exceedingly close, rising very high, and his middle bound round with a ribband, in a most whimsical manner, as may still be seen in some ancient paintings; add to all this artificial shoulders, in form of a cushion, which were placed upon each shoulder blade, to make him appear to have a large chest, and to give him a robust and vigorous appearance. This strange caricature was terminated by shoes, the points of which for people of quality were full two feet in length." In England the fashion of shoes with long peaks, was carried to such extravagance that it was found expedient to support them by a gold chain extending from the extremity of the shoe to a band placed above the knee.



NOTE 22. PAGE 72.

*Like that majestic virtue, which subdued,
As Milton says, the monsters of the wood.*

These lines allude to Milton's Eulogy on chastity, from which the following lines are extracted.

"She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity ;
Yea there where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption."

NOTE 23. PAGE 72.

The cestus or girdle of Venus was supposed by the ancients so be endued with peculiar powers of fascination.

NOTE 24. PAGE 77.

The Spartan mother exulting over the body of her son, slain in battle, is thus described by a lady, whose productions add one to very many proofs, that female hands are competent to "wake to extacy the living lyre."

"Fierce with strange joy she stands, the battle won,
 Elate and tearless o'er her slaughter'd son,
 "He died for Sparta, died unknown to fear,
 His wounds all honest, and his shield his bier;
 And shall I weep?"—stern daughters of the brave,
 Thus maids and matrons hail'd the Spartan's grave,
 By turns they caught, they lit the hero-flame,
 And scorn'd the woman's for the patriot's name.

Epistles on women by Lucy Aikin.

NOTE 25. PAGE 77.

Cornelia, a celebrated Roman matron, was left a widow in the flower of her age, and devoted her whole time and undivided attention, to the education of her offspring. When a lady had exhibited

her jewels at Cornelia's house, and begged to be indulged with the sight of her own, the affectionate parent produced her two sons, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus, saying, "These are the only jewels I have to shew." Too ambitious of being distinguished, she probably urged them to that career, which terminated in their destruction. She is said to have reproached them in their youth, that they had not rendered her illustrious as the mother of the Gracchi; and after their death she replied to one, who would have consoled with her on their account, that "the woman, who had given birth to the Gracchi could not be deemed unfortunate." After her decease the Romans erected a statue to her memory, with this inscription: "*To Cornelia mother of the Gracchi.*"

NOTE 26. PAGE 77.

Cæsar Borgia was a son to Pope Alexander VI. one who was initiated by his mother Vanozza, into all the mysteries of iniquity which could qualify him for a career of guilty ambition. He was

made an Archbishop, and a Cardinal, which offices did not deter him from destroying those who were in any degree opposed to his nefarious projects, by poison or assassination. In 503 Borgia lost his father, who was supposed to have died by poison, which they had prepared for a rich Cardinal, whose estate they wished to appropriate to themselves, but which they both took by mistake. It proved fatal to the father ; but the son, by strength of constitution escaped with life, though he long experienced its penicious effects. He was killed in a skirmish and stripped by the victors. Notwithstanding he has been held up to admiration, by Machiavel as the perfect specimen of a " great man," yet," says one of his biographers, " he was hated in prosperity, detested in adversity, stripped of all his honours and possessions, even such as he fairly might have claimed, and leaving behind him a name, consigned to universal detestation, it would seem that he gained nothing by being a villain."

NOTE 27. PAGE 83.

When Alexander the Great had arrived at the zenith of his power, he was surrounded by a number of sycophants, who by indulging his humour and soothing his passions, precipitated him into extravagance of conduct, and deprived him of that equanimity and moderation, which were necessary for preserving the acquisitions he had made. One faithful friend declined concurring in the general adulation. At a banquet which succeeded the sacrifices performed at the anniversary festival of Bacchus, the honour of which Alexander had transferred to Castor and Pollux, some of the attendants extolled the actions of the Macedonian prince above those of the gods. Clytus remonstrated, alledging that "he could not bear to hear such indignities offered to the gods, or the credit of ancient heroes undervalued, to tickle the ears of a living prince." As to Alexander's actions he allowed that they were great and glorious, but he maintained that they were not supernatural; that the army had shared in them, and that they had a right to participate in

the praise belonging to them. Alexander was indignant ; and as Clytus proceeded in the same strains, and affirmed that he had preserved the life of the king at the battle of Granicus, stretching out his arm and saying, " this hand, O Alexander, has saved thee," the king rushed upon him, and endeavoured to kill him, but was prevented by the interposition of friends. At length, however, when his friends had retired, he seized a lance and laid Clytus dead on the spot. His passion, however, soon subsided, and reflecting on the deed he had perpetrated, he indulged in excessive grief, refused food for three days, neglected his apparel, and, as some say would have killed himself with the pike that had killed Clytus.

NOTE 28. PAGE 83.

By the common law of England, a common scold is considered as a public nuisance to her neighborhood, and may be indicted, and if convicted is sentenced to be placed in a certain engine of correction called the cucking stool, or ducking stool, be-

cause the residue of the judgment is, that when she is so placed therein, she shall be plunged into the water for her punishment.

Blackstone's Com. IV. p. 168—9.

NOTE 29. PAGE 86.

Locke's *Treatise on Education* contains many excellent observations relative to the system of terror, which is too frequently employed in educating children. Miss More likewise observes that "parental severity drives the gentle spirit to artifice, and the rugged to despair. It generates deceit and cunning, the most hopeless and hateful in the whole catalogue of female failings. Ungoverned anger in the teacher, and inability to discriminate between venial errors and premeditated offence, though they may lead a timid creature to hide wrong tempers, or to conceal bad actions, will not help her to subdue the one or correct the other. Severity will drive terrified children to seek not for reformation, but for impunity. A readiness to forgive them promotes frankness. And we should

above all things, encourage them to be frank, in order to come at their faults. They have not more faults for being open, they only *discover* more."

Strictures on Female Education, Chap. vi.

NOTE 30. PAGE 89.

The Spectator, No. 4. observes that the fair sex "compose the most powerful part of our people." In another number he declares that the passion for admiration, which is so universal among the fair sex, had moulded them into "Idols" of all degrees and qualities. "Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch in fire and flames. Some of them, like Baal love to see their votaries cut and slashed, and shedding blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night." We are likewise informed by the same author, that females of the lowest classes were an inferior kind of "*idols*," and were used by their worshippers sometimes like *Chinese Idols*, who are whipped and scourged when

they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

NOTE 31. PAGE 95.

I shall not multiply authorities in support of the assertion to which this note refers, but produce one, which contains the substance of what has well been observed on the subject. The writer in the following passage is treating of the education of boys, but his observations apply with equal if not superior force to young females.

“ A public education may be formed on the very best plan, may be conducted by the best rules, and yet in many points it may fall short of what may be effected by domestic instruction. The one cannot in the nature of things be so elaborate as the other: besides what tutorage can equal that which proceeds from the attentive zeal of an enlightened parent? What affection less warm and intense will prescribe and follow such rules of self denial, as are necessary to preserve the pupil from receiving any impression which may be mischievous to his

future innocence and peace? When the object is viewed in this light, it would be folly to give up the privilege of forming our offspring according to the brightest model of virtue, which our imagination can conceive. Indeed so forcible and so important appears in my eyes, this last urged reason for the preference of domestic education, that to those opulent idlers, who have neither the capacity, nor the inclination to fulfil in their own persons this most important of parental duties, and who consign their children over to the care of school-masters, I would recommend to them to be very liberal of their treasures to the enlightened persons who are every way qualified for the education of youth, and to insist on their limiting their pupils to a small number; for though the languages may be very well taught in large schools, yet the morals must necessarily be totally neglected." *Graham's Letters on Education.*

There are cases, however, in which public schools are to be preferred, such as the want of health, knowledge or leisure in the parents, or the father's being a widower, &c.

NOTE 32. PAGE 97.

The author of "*The Pursuits of Literature*" animadvertes with just severity on those commentators on Shakespeare who "are peculiarly and even zealously studious in minutely explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts which the age of the *Virgin Queen* afforded, or recommended for the Queen of Love and soft desire."* He likewise declares "it was very bold and *very* indecent in the *Reverend* Dr. Warton, to publish Pope's imitation of the Second Satire of the first Book of Horace. Pope never printed it in his works himself; Dr. Warburton refused to admit it; no common edition whatsoever of Pope has admitted it; and it is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes." He says "Mr. Pope's works are distinguished for peculiar correctness in taste and morals; and are intended for the most general and unqualified perusal. But, speaking of some particular passages which Pope himself had designed"

*Page 85, 11th London Edition.

Preterite, *fit* for fought, *furder* for further, *gal* for girl,
groggy for intoxicated, *gin* for gave, *hash* for harsh,
housen for household, *hubble* a rough projection or
knoll, *han't* for have not, *his'n* and *her'n* for his and
hers, *jest* for just, *kag* for keg, *kiter* for cover, *lasses*
for molasses, *larnt* for learned, *meaching* for mean,
million for melon, *nother* for neither, *neeger* for ne-
gro, *nurly* for gnarled, *obstropolous* for obstreperous,
ourn for ours, *pesky* for troublesome, *popular* for
populous, as a *popular* village, *popple* for poplar,
quoto for quota, *raly* for really, *refuge* for refuse,
rid for rode, and *rid* for riddance, *resk* for risk,
rutes for roots, *sallet* for sallads, *says I*, for I said,
scrabble for scribble, *sich*, or *sicher* for such, *sign*
for design, *sile* for soil, *splosh* for splash, *smudder*
for smother, *squirm* for writhe, or twist, *spry* for
nimble, *stunded* for stunned, *tantrum* for tandem,
taint for it is not, *tenant* for tenon, *timorsome* for
timorous, *valley* for volley, *viage* for voyage, *yender*
for yonder.

This catalogue may be greatly enlarged, and if
teachers of youth would generally turn their atten-

tion to the subject, it would not only induce a uniformity of dialect, but prevent that ridicule, which so frequently attaches to the use of what are sometimes called *yankeyisms*.

NOTE 35. PAGE 105.

Bayle was an eminent French critic and philosopher of the 17th century, Bentley was an Englishman, his cotemporary, of distinguished abilities and erudition. These are used to represent learned men in general, as warriors are sometimes denominated Alexanders, or Statesmen "Solomons in council," &c.

NOTE 36. PAGE 110.

The Aborigines of America inflict a variety of tortures on those young candidates for martial eminence, who aspire to take the lead in their predatory and murderous excursions. This is done to test the fortitude of the would be warriors, and to ascertain whether they have a sufficient strength of constitution to endure the privations and sufferings

which result from the honourable vocation of wielding the tomahawk, and scalping knife. The savages of South America have likewise their *people of quality*. But as they are all nearly or quite naked, they cannot display their gentility by the shape or colour of their garments. Of course the body itself must be subjected to the operation of fashion. They pierce the nose, slit the ears, mould the head into various shapes, either round, flat, conical or lengthened out, and in short do and suffer as much or more than is performed by, or inflicted upon a pretty Miss who is *training* for a toast, and is intended for a leader of the *ton*.

NOTE 37. PAGE 111.

Madame de Genlis recommends that children of ten or twelve years of age should be taught house keeping, cooking, accounts, washing, ironing, and weighing out medicines, in their play hours, with small doll's furniture and utensils. She thinks this would save much time, and prevent their mixing with servants, as those plays would be always carri-

ed on in the presence of their mother or governess or under her direction. The girls, she observes, might dress dolls according to the fashion described in their geographical lessons, and prints of the costumes of various nations, might be procured for that purpose. Girls should not be excluded from active exercise. "It is a material error," says an able writer on education, "to make that ill-founded distinction between the sexes, which condemns young females, almost from their cradles, to a sedentary life, by giving them scarcely any other playthings but dolls, and tinsel work, or trinkets, while the sprightly boy amuses himself with his noisy drum and other active diversions. Such premature modesty is dearly purchased at the expense of health and of a cheerful mind. What an infatuation to train up sickly women, debilitated mothers, and consequently a debilitated offspring! "Sedentary diversions," says Buchan, "are of no use but to consume time. Instead of relieving the mind they often require more thought than either study or business. Every thing which induces young people

to sit still, unless it be some necessary employment should be avoided.

NOTE 38. PAOE 113.

I shall give the testimony of a few eminent writers in favour of the *uses* of dancing. Its *abuses* have been adverted to in the lines immediately preceding those to which this note refers, "I know an eminent physician who used to say, that he made his children dance, instead of giving them physic. It were well if more people followed his example."

—*Buchan*. I consider dancing as conducive to health, and as sometimes a mean of preventing deformity ; and even when there is no danger of that, all must see that it is the mean of making young people of both sexes stand, walk and sit, and even look and speak to advantage. It should be remembered that the end of dancing is not so much to make young people shine at a ball, as to give an easy air and grace to all the motions of the body."—*Nelson*.

"Let opulent parents put their children, as soon as they can walk with firmness under the care of the

best dancing master they can engage. But let the tutor treat the learning to dance as a pastime not as a task."—*Berkenhout*. "Dancing is now so universal that it cannot be dispensed with in the education of a gentleman."—*Chapone*. See likewise *The Spectator*, No. 486.

NOTE 39. PAGE 144.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven," said the wise man; but he said it before the invention of baby-balls. This modern device is a sort of triple conspiracy against the innocence, the health, and the happiness of children; thus by factitious amusements to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights, which naturally belong to their blooming seasons, is like blotting out spring from the year. To sacrifice the true and proper enjoyments of sprightly and happy children, is to make them pay a dear and disproportionate price for their artificial pleasures. They step at once from the nursery to the ball-room, and by a preposterous

change of habits, are thinking of dressing themselves, at an age when they used to be dressing their dolls.

“ To behold liliputian coquettes, projecting dresses, studying colours, assorting ribbands and feathers, their little hearts beating with hopes about partners, and fears about rivals ; and to see their fresh cheeks pale, after a midnight supper, their aching heads and unbraced nerves, disqualify the little languid beings for the next day’s task, and hear the grave apology “ that it is owing to the wine, the crowd, the heated room of the last night’s ball,” all this, I say, would be very ridiculous, if the mischief of the thing did not take off from the merriment of it.” *Miss More’s Strictures on Female Education.*

NOTE 40. PAGE 114.

Queen Margaret’s bans and menaces are pretty liberally strewed through several of Shakspeare’s plays. Her anathemas, however, on the “ hump-back’d tyrant,” in Richard III, commencing

"If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee, &c.

are peculiarly terrific, and though uttered by a woman, may be considered as *master* pieces of execration.

NOTE 41. PAGE 124.

Dr. Barrow, in an essay on education, treating of novels, observes, "Many works of this description in our language, may be read with innocence and safety. The novels of Fielding, of Richardson, and of Radcliffe, no man of taste will peruse without pleasure, and no man of reflection without improvement."

Another celebrated author says, "I would by no means exclude this kind of reading which young people are so fond of, tho' I think the greatest care should be taken in the choice of those fictitious stories, which so enchant the mind, most of which have a tendency to inflame the passions of youth, while the chief purpose of education should be to

moderate and restrain them. There are, however, works of this class, in which excellent morality is joined with the most lively pictures of the human mind, and with all that can entertain the imagination and interest the heart. But young people should never read any thing of the sentimental kind, without taking the judgment of their best friends in the choice ; for I am persuaded that the indiscriminate reading of such kinds of books corrupt more female hearts than any other cause whatsoever."

Chapone's Letters.

NOTE 42. PAGE 130.

" If women knew more men must learn more—for ignorance would then be shameful—and it would be the fashion to be instructed."

Edinburgh Review.

ERRATA.—Page 70, Line 10, from the top, for "son" read *sun*.

Page 134, line 3, from the top, for "common" read *corporal*.

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